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# History of The Elder Family

Uncle Philip Elder, brother of Mrs. T. C. Flanigan.
He worked for the railroad and lived in Sanford Florida.

Uncle Griff Elder, community doctor, brother of Mrs. T.C. Flanigan.

# The Elder Family

The first history we have of the Elder family states they were living in Scotland in the 15th Century. They finally emigrated to England and Ireland on account of their religious liberties and viewpoints. John Ephram Elder, with two brothers, came to this country, landing at Norfolk Va., in 1669. John E. Elder, born in 1650, came over as a stow-a-way, working out his passage, with a rich merchant, which required several years. His two brothers in after years, went to other parts of the country, one to Ohio, and the other to Michigan.

John E. Elder, was a fine specimen of young manhood, but was poor and uneducated. In the meantime, he fell in love with the merchant's only daughter, but, on account of their standing socially and financially, he long hesitated to make known his love for her. She did not shun or spurn him, so their romance finally terminated in their elopement and marriage, at Dinwiddy County Court House, Virginia, and is on recnrd there until this day. from this marriage were born several boys and girls. One of which was John Ephram Elder, II-around whose history and family our story will be principally written.

John E. Elder, II, was born in 1735. He married Mary Mathews, daughter of Ephram Mathews, of Brunswick County, Virginia. George Mathews, a brother of mary Mathews Elder, raised a regiment of soldiers, became colonel, and fought in the Revolutionary War. He afterwards came to Georgia, and was elected Governor of Georgia, two terms, then represented us in Congress. He died in Georgia and his remains now lie in a cemetery in Augusta. The records and date of marriage of John E. Elder, II, and Mary Mathews Elder, were destroyed by fire in Virginia, in the war of 1861 to 1865.

Children: Ephram, Joshua, David, John, and Edmond, Elizabeth and Nancy Elder. Most of the boys served in the Revolutionary War, and after living in Virginia to young manhood and middle age, scattered to different parts of our United States. Joshua and David came to Georgia, arriving in Clarke County (now Oconee), on January 11, 1807. Joshua tarried in Georgia for a few years, and then went on the Mississippi. David remained in Georgia and died there. the balance of our story will be built around the history, family and descendants of David Elder.

David Elder, son of John Ephram Elder, and Mary Mathews Elder, was born in Brunswick County, VA, January 7, 1760. He served in the Revolutionary war in Virginia North Carolina, and Georgia. He married the first time in Brunswick County, VA. January 1776, to Polly Reade, a cousin of George Washington's. From this marriage there were born two sons and two daughters. Edmond, Joshua, Nancy and Elizabeth. He was married a second time to Mollie Phillips of Dinwiddy County, Va. on January 23, 1787. From this second marriage came eight sons and daughters-some born in Virginia nad some in Georgia. Their children were: John P., Polly, Hartwell M., Thomas P., Wyche M., Joseph M., James Parker,and Doctor W. Elder. David married the third time to Elizabeth Allen in Clarke County, Ga., April 26, 1813. From this third marriage was born three daughters: Sarah, Emine and Ann Elder. All fifteen children will be taken up separately and indivdually later on in this history and thier descendants brought in some cases to our present time.

When David Elder arrived in Georgia in 1807, he brought with him his second wife, Molly Philips Elder (his first wife having died in Virginia). He also brought with him seven or eight children, and a large number of slaves. He lay claim and took into possession a large body of land-given him by the government on account of his extensive service in the Revolutionary War. He, his sons, and slaves, went directly into the original forest on big and little Rose Creeks and built homes for himself and his slaves, Molly Phillips Elder his second wife, only lived a few years after coming to Georgia. She was the first to be buried in the old Elder Cemetery on Rose Creek in lower Oconee County (then Clarke).

After his second wife's death, he married Elizabeth Allen in 1813. Elizabeth Allen in 1813. Elizabeth Allen owned a large number of slaves in her own name, and David Elder came into possession and charge of these also, this gave hil labor and ability to clear more land and to enlarge his farming interest until he owned an immense plantation on which he raised cotton and corn for many years. He died in Oconee County on August 4, 1853, and was buried in the old Elder Cemetery. He lived to a ripe old age of 93 years and 6 months.

When David Elder came to Georgia in 1807, he found here one Philip Tigner, who had come to Georgia some years before. They became neighbors and warm friends, and the inter-marriage of these families helped to make history and populate a large and then fertile part of Georgia and the South. As stated before, David Elder had fifteen children, some born in Virginia and some in Georgia. They were all young when he came and were reared and married in Georgia to Georgia women.

Beginning with Edmond Elder, eldest son of David Elder, and Polly Reade, born in Virginia in 1778, he married Nancy Tigner on September 19, 1810. Nancy Tigner Elder was born October 28, 1794. We will say in passing that Nancy and her sister, Pamelia, were carried away by the Indians a short time before this marriage and kept for a short time before being rescued and returned unharmed by searching parties, and happy to get back home.

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From this marriage of Edmond Elder and Nancy Tigner, were born nine children: Philip T., David R., William Young, Parmelia I., James, Miranda, Ann,Mary and _____.

Joshua Elder, second son of David Elder, was born in Virginia on April 10, 1783. Came to Georgia with his father and settled in Clarke County (now Oconee). He married Annie E. Grey, of Clarke County on October 11, 1812. Annie Grey was born April 29, 1790. They moved to Spalding County in 1832 and both died and were buried there. Joshua died September 28, 1863 and Annie died on June 14, 1869. The following were the children: Betsy Elder, Married William D. Starr, (brother of John H. Starr), had five children; Samuel Edmond Elder, marred first Miss Bates, had two children and second Martha Ogletree, had two childrn; David Elder, married Nancy Head, they had seven children; John Hartwel Elder, married Fannie sowder, had eight children; James Blanton Elder and Hohn Hartwell Elder were ministers and had a great part with the balance of this fine and extensive family, in building up Spalding County and surrounding territory.

Nancy Elder, first daughter of David Elder, and Polly Reade, born in Virginia in 1783, came to Georgia with her father in January 1807, and married Gadyle Fambrough in 1811. No record of her family and death is available, as far as we know they moved to Texas.

Elizabeth or (Betsy) Elder, second daughtr of David Elder and Pollly Reade, was born in Virginia, October 4, 1781, and came to Georgia in 1807 with her parents. She married Samuel Blakely about 1808, and they established a home in Clarke County where C. D. Willoughby now lives. From this marriage were the following daughters and sons: Nancy Blakely, born May 1, 1816; Elizabeth and Icie (twins) Blakely, born August 3, 1817; David Elder Balkely, born September 27, 1819; Elizabeth Ann, born April 3, 1821; Susan Blakely, born August 20, 1823; Samuel J. Blakely, born October 12, 1828; Sarah Ann Blakely, born March 29, 1830; Ermine C. Blakely, born May 13, 1833.

Hartwell M. Elder, fifth child of David Elder, and first child of Molly Phillips, was born in Virginia on April 6, 1789, and came to Georgia in January 1807, with his parents. He married Pamelia Tigner in 1844, Pamelia was born June 26, 1789, and died in Texas, in May, 1848. Hartwell and Pamelia raised a large family of eleven children as follows; Nancy Tigner, Edmond J., David Young, Mansel Nathan, Innocence Mary, Asbury Blanton, Joshua Payne, Sarah Ann, Martha Tigner, Phillip Tigner and Aletha Simon Jones Elder.

Thomas P. Elder, fourth son of David Elder, was born on January 24, 1799. Married Polly Cain of Georgia, December 21, 1817 and had nine children. He died and is buried in the Old Elder Cemetery in Oconee County, Ga. The names of their nine children are as follows: Martha, John Lewis, James H., Dock, Susan, Talitha (Puss), Almetia, Mary (Sug), and Mahlon Elder. Martha Elder married John Osborn, and had four children, Mary Osborn, Thomas Osborn, J.F.W. Osborn, and Ann Osborn. John Lewis Elder married Lucy Davis and had ten children as follows: James Sidney, Nathon T., George K., David O., Nancy Davis, Philip M., Mary Vandelier, John G., Almer and Elvetius L. (Vedie); Elder.

James H. Elder marred Blake Elder, daughter of little Joe Elder. They had a large family, as follows: Lessie, Cora, Emmett, Jim, Bob, David, Lena, Nina, Ruby, Emma, Eula, Nannie, and Clarence Elder.

Dock Elder, married Beatrice Hughes. No record is available of his family.

Talitha (Ptss) Elder, married James Donahoo and had two children (names not known).

Almetia Elder married R.S. O. Lanier. No record is available.

Susan Elder married Doctor O. W.H. Lanier, children: Addie, Tom J., Dora, O.W.., D.E., and Sunny Lanier.

Mahlon Elder was lost in the war of 1861-1865.

John P. Elder, son of David Elder and Molly Phillips, was born in Virginia, December 10, 1800, and came to Georgia wi his father and mother when he was seven years old. He grew up to young manhood in Georgia and married Susan Barnett. Her father was Secretary of State of Georgia at one time. Their home was at or near Barnett Shoals, Oconee County. From this marriage of John and Susan, there were eleven children: Nathan, Tom, Avia, Ann, Elizabeth, Griffin, Lucy Jane, Nancy Ann, Christy Ann, Susan Ann, Marh, John and Marzie Elder.

Dr. John Griffin Elder, was born in Oconee County, Ga., August 15, 1866. A son of the late John Lewis Elder and Lucy A. Davis Elder; he was the youngest son in a family of eight. When he was still young, the family moved to Jackson County, and settled in the Galilee community, about three miles from Jefferson, Ga.

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Dr. John G. Elder was the youngest son in a family of eight. He attended Marin Institute in Jefferson graduating in 1892. an injury to his knee, when just a youth, caused him to decide against farming.

His first decision was to be a Dentist but later thought he could be of more service to mankind as a physician and surgeon. He graduated from the Medical Dept. University of Ga. at Augusta, in 1896, as President of his class. He returned to Jackson County and began to practice medicine the same year. In October 1897, he married Emma Seagars, a granddaughter of the late Ira Betts. To them were born ten children, two of whom died in infancy.

In January, 1898, he moved to Jefferson, Ga., and went into partnership with Dr. S. J.Smith an association which continued until 1915, when, with his family he moved to Clermont, Ga., in Hall County and lived there until his death.

As a Physician, Dr. Elder, was said to be one of the best read men of his time. He tried to keep abreast of the progress in medicine. His insatiable quest for knowledge drove him to endless reading and study in search of newer and better methods of alleviating suffering in mankind. He belonged to the old class of country Doctors. No night was too dark, nor too cold or too strormy for him to answer a call of distress, neither did he stand back for lack of compensation. He gave himself to service without any thought of his own comfort or health.

As a man, Dr. Elder was the quiet, reserved type, a thinker and a scholar. He was a deeply religious man and an earnest student of the Bible. He united with the Christian Church at Galilee in 1883, and became a charter member of the Jefferson Christian Church when it was organized a few years later. He was a member of the Masonic order from 1891 until his death and was devoted to the principles of masonary.

Dr. Elder, died January 12, 1921, after an illness so a few months. He had literally given his life for his profession, dying at the age of 54.

**THE LIFE OF A COUNTRY DOCTOR'S SON**

The doctor was John Griffin (Griff) Elder, the youngest son of John Lewis and Lucy Davis Elder. He was born August 15, 1866 and died January 12, 1921. Emma Jane Segars was born May 18, 1877. They were married on October 17, 1897. They lived in Jefferson, Georgia until September 26, 1915. They moved to Clermont, Georgia and lived there until he died in 1921. Their children are as follows: Omer Griffin Elder, born January 18, 1899, died June 19, 1900; Eula Montine Elder, born April 10, 1901, died August 20, 1902; Mary Crawford Elder, born February 11, 1903; Phillip Mahlon Elder, born April 18, 1905; Ira Lewis Elder, born August 27, 1907, died January 25, 1988; Ruth Corrine Elder, born September 8, 1909; Joseph Ethan Elder, born October 2, 1911, died March 7, 1988; Annie Dara Elder, born Novermber 11, 1913; John Davis Elder, born May 4, 1916, died March 5, 1973; Paul Segars Elder, born September 22, 1918, died September 20, 1987.

Phillip M. Elder was John Griffin's second son. He was born in Jefferson, Georgia and was named after his uncle, Phillip Mahlon Elder, form Sanford Florida.

Here is his story:

"The house I was born in is still there in Jefferson across from the cemetery on Highway 129 going from Jefferson to Athens. There was no paved roads then. There was a bridge across the road and a bridge across the sidewalk. Just across from that bridge over the sidewalk, going toward town, there was a public bathhouse. And across the road there was a blacksmith shop and a buggy and wagon company with storage upstairs for the wagons and buggies. There was a walkway on the far side for getting the wagons and buggies upstairs. There was a pond above the blacksmith shop to furnish water for the bathhouse.

We had a well back of the house and had to draw water with a rope and bucket and carry it to the house. The fence from the lot where we kept the cow and horse came up near the well. We had a tub just inside the fence we had to keep water in for the cow and horse. We had a cow that would kick when you tried to milk her, so we had a brake. A brake is a frame you put the cow in. You put a board between her hind legs so she can't kick. We had a sty across the fence going to our neighbors house. A sty is something that has steps on both sides of the fence, something like two ladders - one on each side of the fence. We had a barn with two stables, one for the cow and one for the horse, with a shelter for the buggy and car. We also had a chicken house and an outhouse-no indoor toilet.; we had a storm pit dug out under the house. Mother kept her canned goods and her flowers in there during the winter time.

The first thing I can remember that happened to me was when I was a little over 2 years old. I don't guess I would have remembered it if I had not been told about it in younger days. Mother was staying at her mother's sister, Aunt Georgia Betts, who lived out in the country at the old Betts home place where she was raised. We were there when Ira Lewis, my bother was born. I had a dog and the dog and I left the house and went up a road that led to a creek about a mile from the house. When they missed me they came looking for me. They found me near the creek. I was crying and my feet were wet and the dog was wet, also. They thought that he tried to keep me from getting in the creek.

Mother taught me to milk a cow before I started to school. I started to school at Martin Institute and went through the fourth grade. I joined the First Christian Church in Jefferson, Ga. when I was between 9 and 10 years old. I remember my first Sunday School teacher. Her name was Lola Etheridge and I remember one of the Bible verses she taught us. That verse has been a help to me all through these years. "Be not deceived, God is not mocked. Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he reap. He that soweth of the flesh shall reap corruption, he that soweth of the Spirit shall reap life everlasting. So be not weary of well doing, in due season you shall reap life everlasting."

The first money I ever made was picking cotton just out of town. I picked all one Saturday and was paid 25 cents. I lost it going home. I started early with financial troubles!

My first automobile ride was in an Autobuggy. Father had the first automobile that came to Jackson county. It was a 2 cylinder car with solid rubber tires and chain drive. He left it just inside the gate going to the barn (which was downhill to the shelter where he usually left it). My sister , Mary, and I got in it that day. She let off the brakes and we rolled into a big fig bush and stopped. I don't remember what punishment we got for it.

The first and only whipping Father gave me came because I climbed a tree. He had told us not to climb trees because Ira Lewis had fallen out of a tree and broken his arm. Well, one day he came home and Ira Lewis and myself were up in a tree. He said, "Boys, come down." He got the buggy whip and gave us a whipping that we never forgot. After that when we got unruly Mother would say that if we didn't mind she would get Father to get the buggy whip again.

I remember that Father had a horse that was afraid of cars. One day the horse ran away when it saw a car and Father was thrown from the buggy. He tore his pants and coat but he didn't get a scratch! He traded that horse for one that was not afraid of cars. He traded with Mr. Will Kesler. Mr. Kesler later moved to Winder. He was the father of Ralph and David Kesler who live in Winder now. They have some sisters who live in Winder also.

I went to school in Jefferson with Victor Lord's father, Jimmy Lord, and with John and James (PeeWee) Robertson. They also moved from Jefferson to Winder. I have an old school picture with Jimmy, John and PeeWee in it.

I remember when Father set out the pecan trees that are still there. They are over seventy years old. He got a man to shoot a stick of dynamite in each hole to loosen clay at the bottom of the hole.

When I started to school the teacher saw that I was left-handed and she tried to get me to write with my right hand. I didn't change and I still write with my left hand. I do most everything with my left hand, except throw a ball. When I was about 12 years old, Aunt Georgia Betts, who lived in Athens, sent me a baseball glove. She had forgotten that I was left-handed and sent me a glove to be worn on the left hand. So I started throwing with my right hand.

When I started to school at Martin Institute in 1911 there was a boy in my class that was larger than the rest of us boys. He was always picking on me and one day I got tired of him picking on me and I fought back. Our teacher saw us fighting and for punishment she made us stay in the room during recess for a week. To a boy the best part of school was recess. The room we were in had glass ink wells on each desk. The room was on the second floor. Some of the boys in the room would raise the window and throw the glass ink wells on the paved walk to see them break.

There was a Mr. Lavine that had a department store in Jefferson. He had a boy named Joe. One day some larger boys carried Joe in the woods back of the school house and put him in a hollow log. They filled it full of leaves and set it on fire.Willie Cambell saw the smoke and pulled him out. And down town one day Ross McRee got out on the rim around the Courthouse between the first and second floor. He could not get down! Someone finally got a ladder and got him down.

Mother had a good friend, a Mrs. Roberts, who had a boarding house on a street behind our house. They visited each other often. One night she came over and brought one of her boarders with her. He was teasing Mary and myself about being afraid to go in the cemetery at night. He didn't think we would go over there and so said he would give us a quarter each if we would go over and count the tombstones. We played over there ofen and already knew how may tombstones there were. So, we went over there and counted them again and got our quarters. That one made up for the one I lost!

Part of Winder & Barrow County was Jackson County then. When they had court some of Mother's cousins would be on the jury. They would stay at Mrs. Roberts boarding house and at night they would come over for a visit. People visited each other back then.

Farmers planted their crops in the Spring and worked them until some time in July. That is when they had court. Farmers called it "Layingby Time."

Uncle Lee Lavender married Mother's aunt, Cinethy Betts Cheeley. Her first husband died. They had one son, Andrew Cheeley. They lived at the old Betts homeplace. The same place that Ira Lewis was born and the place where the dog and I went to the creek. Uncle Lee had a daughter living with them. Her name was Maddie Lavender. Later she married Jessie Dooley from Statham. They lived in Dooley Town, a part of Statham. They are both dead now. Uncle Lee raised watermelons and would bring them to town near the courthouse and sell them. He would stay all day arguing politics and the Bible and on the way home he would stop at our house. Ira Lewis and I would go home with him and spend the night. We would help him load watermelons the next day and come back home. Aunt Cinethy would get him to put on clean overalls and his shoes. When we got out of sight of the house he would take off his shoes and roll his overalls to his knees and come on in to town to sell his watermelons. Uncle Lee was quite a character!

The old Betts homeplace had a spring on it. A farm that did not have a spring on it was not worth much back then. Uncle Ira Betts had a farm near Winder. A part of it is now Betts Street. That was before Barrow County was made. He traded his farm for the farm in Jackson County. They kept milk in the spring and in the summer when I was down there I would carry him buttermilk in the field where he was plowing, instead of water.

Uncle Lee had a hound dog that would suck Aunt Cinethy's eggs. She tried to make Uncle Lee get rid of the dog but he wouldn't. One day while Uncle Lee was gone to town Aunt Cinethy got the shotgun and shot the dog. He crawled under the porch before he died and Aunt Cinethy couldn't get to him. I had to crawl under there and tie a rope around his neck and drag him out. I drug him to the woods. Uncle Lee never knew what happened to his dog.

We moved to Clermont, Ga. on September 26, 1915. We went by train. We went from Jefferson to Gainesville on the Gainesville Midland and from Gainesville to Clermont on the Gainesville Northwestern. I remember when we got off the train I went out on a freight platform at the depot. There were platform scales there and I found a quarter on the scales. My financial standing started off better in Clermont than Jefferson!

The first house we lived in was on the road going from Clermont to Wauka Mountain. Wauka is an Indian name meaning "Sleeping Cow." The mountain as the body and the foothill as its head. It was about 2 miles from the mountain. I think it was called the Ferd Station place. I remember it had several large chestnut trees in the yard. After the burs would fall off in the winter, we would sweep them out to the edge of the yard. In the summer when we were barefooted and playing in the yard if we got on the edge of the year we had a time picking burs out of our feet.

Father did not have a car then. He had a horse and buggy to make his calls in. We had a cow. The barn was on one side of the road and the pasture was on the other side. Everyday we had to take the cow from the barn to the pasture and in the evening bring her back again.

We burned wood in the fireplace and wood in the kitchen stove. There was wood on the place and Father taught me how to use a cross-cut saw. We cut the wood that we used. We would cut pine wood that we used in the stove in 4 foot lengths and take it to the house. We had a frame to put the 4 foot pieces in and we cut it in 3 foot pieces for the stove.

I had a cousin, Elmer Elder, that was about 10 years older than I. He lived near Arcade, a small town between Jefferson and Athens. When he was a teenager he built a minature railroad track station and train. I would go down there and play with his train. Later he got a job on the railroad but didn't lik it and quit. He learned to be a barber and didn't like it either. Then he built a store with a large room on the second floor and we would have square dances once a week there. He named the place Ramblers Inn.

When Elmer married we were living at Clermont and Elmer and his wife went to Helen, Ga. on their honeymoon. On their way back they came by to see us. We lived near Wauka Mountain. Ira Lewis and I had never been on a mountain and Elmer said he would go with us. We went as near as we could to the mountain in the car and started climbing. It was the steepest part of the mountain and we got to the top by holding to trees. When we finally got to the top we saw that there was a path that was not as steep as the way we came up it. On top of the mountain there are some big rocks. One rock is called The Devil's Pulpit and under one rock is a cave. It's called the Buzzard's Roost. Elmer moved to Florida and stayed a while and then moved to Barrow County near Carl, Ga. He then built Lake Elder. It had some picnic tables, paddle boats, and a place to go in swimming. Elmer started a hotel and was doing most of the work himself. He passed away before he got it finished.

There was a Mr. and Mrs. Morris who lived in the house across the road from us. They both taught school at the school I attended, Chattahoochee High School. They had twin boys. Their names were Ottley and Oral. We would swap turns sawing up the stove wood. One day we were sawing at our house. Two of us would have to pull the crosscut saw and the others would put the wood on the frame and hold it. One of the Morris boys was holding the wood and he got his hand to close to the saw. The saw hit a splinter and jumped out of the wood and sawed his hand. Mr. Morris was helping us. He said he would hitch the horse to the buggy and bring him to the office for Father to sew up his hand. He told me to go to town and tell Father that they were coming. I ran all the way there. When I got there Father was not at the office. I was almost out of breath and had to rest before I went out in town and found him.

We had to walk about a mile or more to school. Other children would come by and we would all walk together. There was a boy named Turner Nix that had the same birthday as mine, April 18, 1905. We were in class together until we moved from Clermont. We kept in touch with each other until he died in 1979. We lived at this place in Clermont about one and a half years. We moved near the Chestatee Railroad. It branced off from the Gainesville Northwestern Railroad and went to a copper mine on the Chestatee River, the Pyrite Chemical Company. The copper mine was in operation during World War I and after the war was over the mine closed. The railroad is gone also.

I remember the Fall of 1918 Ira Lewis and myself went back to Jackson County to Uncle Lee Lavender's to help pick cotton. Andrew Cheeley was living with them and had a cotton crop that he had to leave when he went to the Army. Uncle Lee had a big crop of cotton also and they had a time getting it picked. We stayed there 2 weeks and came back home when Paul was born on September 22, 1918. Then I went back and stayed a month. While I was there, Uncle Lee had Mr. Pharr cover a barn for him. One day he brought his two boys with him and they were singing two little sonts that I always remembered. They go like this:

"Sheep and a goat took a walk to the pasture.
Sheep said to goat, "Can't you walk a little faster?"
Ranbully horn, sheep in the corn, I never seen the like since I been born."

and (this one goes to the tune of "Beautiful Life")

A goat one day
A goat one day
Was feeling fine
Was feeling fine
Het ate ten shirts
He ate ten shirts
From off the line
From off the line

Sall took a stick
Sall tood a stick
And broak his back
And broke his back
And tied him to
And tied hiin to
The railraod track
The railroad track

The train was coming
The train was coming
Was coming nigh
Was coming nigh
The goat was tied
The goat was tied
But not to die
But not to die

He gave a shriek
He gave a shriek
Of woe and pain
Of woe and pain
Coughed up those shirts
Coughed up those shirts
And flagged the train!
And flagged the train!

I have had lots of fun with these little songs. I teach them to children and we used them on bus tours that we were on. One driver, Bill Pope from Macon, asked me when I got home if I would write the goat song down and send it to him. I did and later he wrote me a letter thanking me for it. He said they had lots of fun singing it. He would get someone on the bus to sing the bass part with him.

The Jefferson School Martin Institute would close one day a week and take the children to someone's cotton field to help get the cotton picked. They came to Uncle Lee's one day and I got to see some of the boys and girls I started to school with. When I was ready to go home Uncle Lee carried me to Uncle Ira Seagars near Winder. I stayed with them two days then went back to Clermont by train. While I was there Uncle Ira carried me to Winder and bought me a new pair of pants. Boys wore knee pants then instead of long pants. They were blue Serge with buttons on the side.

I saw my first perfectible baseball game when Winder was in a league called The Million Dollar League. The ball-park was near the old library and later moved on May Street, where Bi-Lo's store is now. It was called the Jep Fagan Ballpark. It was named after him because he was the first one to hit a home run there. They had an Indian on the team named Joe Grimes. Pearl Williams was on the team and he later became my brother-in-law.

I went to Gainesville on the Gainesville Midland and spent the night with a family that moved from Jefferson to Gainesville. They were good friends of ours, Mr. and Mrs. Chambers. The next day I went on to Clermont on the Gainesville Northwestern. I thought I was something riding the train by myself with $40.00 in my pocket. I was just about as tall as I am now and I weight about one hundred pounds. I had on my short pants with my slim legs and they looked like straws stuck in Irish Potatoes. I would like to have a picture of myself then. When I got home I gave the money to Mother and she bought clothes with it.

While I was at Uncle Lee's one Sunday a boy that lived near by came over. His name was Lester Fulcher. He had an ox and a two wheel cart. He came by going to some friends near Leaben Church and wanted me to go with him. We had to cross the same creek that the dog and I went to. When we started back it came up a hard rain and when we got to the creek it was up and the ox would not cross it. We had to go around by Arcade to get home. We were after dark getting there and Cinethy was worried about us. That was my first and last ride in an ox cart.

We had a cold winter in 1918. There was six weeks that we did not see the ground. It was covered in snow and ice. There was only one colored family living in Clermont at that time. He had the only blacksmith shop. It was near our house. Father had to get him to put special shoes on the horse so he could make his calls. They had three spikes on them so they would not slip. Father would heat a brick and wrap it in a blanket and put it at the foot of the buggy to keep his feet warm. He had an overcoat that I just could pick up. He would go to see a sick person day or night, if the weather was cold or hot, money or no money. The hardest job I ever had was trying to collect some of Father's old bills after he died. Everywhere I went they didn't have any money, but I would get chicken eggs, syrup, and potatoes. Times were hard. People didn't have any money. Mother left the bills with Mr. Station. Years later some of the people paid Mr. Station and he sent the money to her.

We had a large garden. We raised sweet and Irish potatoes and peanuts. I remember what happened with the peanuts one time. We pulled them up and let them dry in the garden. Then we would haul them to a shelter at the barn and pick them off the vine. We have an old buggy with the body off of it. We stacked the peanuts on it to carry them to the barn. We had to push it up a road near the railroad track, then down a hill to the barn. There were three of us boys moving the peanuts, Joe, Ira and myself. Joe got on top of the peanuts and was guiding it. We had ropes fastened to the front wheels to guide it and Ira and myself would push. When we started down the hill the ropes got hung and Joe couldn't guide it. So, it ran off the road and turned over. Joe did not get hurt but we had to load the peanuts back on the buggy.

There was a lot back of our garden that had the trees cut off it. I don't remember who it belonged to but they said we could plant some watermelons there. We dug up some hills and brought manure from the barn in a tin tub for fertilizer. We had some good watermelons! That was my first watermelon patch. Mother always had a good garden and she taught me how to garden when I was small. I have always liked to see things grow in gardens.

I am the only one in my family that is left-handed. Davis used his left hand until he was three years old. He fell and broke his left arm and started using his right hand. Our front porch had bannisters around it. He fell off the bannister. Mother taught me how to help with the family wash. She boiled the clothes in a big black pot. We had a block of wood we used for a battling block, and a paddle I would use to beat the dirt out of our dirty overalls. We had a well and had to draw all the water we used.

We never had a bicycle. But Bill Chandler, a boy that lived next to us, had an old bicycle frame. We made wooden wheels for it and would push it uphill and ride down hill.

Father rented the first two places we lived. Then he bought a place on the other side of town on Highway 283 going from Clermont to Highway 52, the old Dahlonega Highway. It was about a mile from where 283 crosses 52. Three counties came together; Hall, White, and Lumpkin. Lumpkin did not have a stock law. The gardens and the fields were fenced in and the cows were turned loose. They had a gate across the road going to Dahlonega. Sometimes I would go with Father on his calls. I would get out of the car and open the gate, then close it and get back in the car. He didn't have a car until we moved to this place. It was a 1914 brass radiator second hand Model T. He bought it from the mailman, a Mr. Blackwell. Father bought this place from a Mr. Miller. I think that was his name. He had a meat market in town. There was a slaughter house down near the branch in the pasture. We played on the block and tackle that we used to hang the beef cows on when we would dress them. There was a big gully behind the slaughter house. We built a bridge across it and played there too. We had several apple trees there. We had a lot of apples in the fall. We would wrap the apples one by one in paper and put them in a box. We put the box under the bed. We used a Sear's catalog to wrap them. We would get two catalogs a year, Spring/Summer and Fall/Winter. Roy Guest and his twin sisters lived on Highway 283 almost in sight of Highway 52. They went to school at Chattaahoochee High School. They came by our house and we would walk to school together. They walked most of the time. In bad weather they would come in a buggy to our house and leave the horse there in our barn.

Father had to use his horse and buggy in the winter time and the car in the summer time. We had a horse that had not been hitched to the buggy all summer. Once a week we would use her to go to the corn mill. We had to shell the corn by hand. We would put it in a sack and put it on the horse's back and then ride the horse to the mill. In the fall Father was making a call and had to go by the corn mill. The horse would turn in at the mill. He had to get out of the buggy and lead the horse up the road and then get back in the buggy.

Ira and myself learned to swim in a mill race. There was a corn mill on a creek between our house and Wauka Mountain. They had a dam on the creek about the mill and had a wooden trough from the dam to the water wheel that ran the mill. That's where I learned to swim. We would crawl on our hands to learn how and keep our head above the water. There wasn't any swimming pools in Clermont. In the summer, on Saturday, and sometimes on Sunday, several of us boys in Clermont would walk down below Brookton to the Glades, a water fall. The water from the falls would make a deep hole at the bottom of the fall and that is where we would swim. There were some boys who lived on this side of the swimming hole that would throw rocks at us to try to keep us from going by. But we had an over-grown boy that sure could throw rocks. The rest of us would get him rocks and he would run them off until we got by. Boys will be boys.

We had a cousin, Cliff Elder, that lived near Brookton, Georgia. Mary, my oldest sister, stayed with cousin Bertha when their twins were born, Leta and Neta Elder. Cousin Cliff cut down a big hickory tree near his barn and said we could have some of the wood if we would help him saw it up. Ira Lewis and I went down there in a wagon and brought some wood back. Cousin Cliff later moved to Winder and was living there when he died. One of the twins, Neta, lives in Jackson County now. Ira Lewis and I went to summer school in Brookton in the summer of 1920. We were behind in our grades and had to go to summer school to catch up.

I remember something else that happened at Brookton. There were a lot of fox hunters in Clermont and Brookton. In the fall they would bring all their dogs there. They had a fox that they would turn loose and let the dogs run it. This one time the dogs were on its trail and the fox ran through a backyard in Brookton. A big shepherd dog ran out and killed the fox. Everybody sure did kid the fox hunters about their fine fox dogs. We had a neighbor that moved from South Georgia to Clermont. He had two Walker Hounds. They were fine fox dogs that he paid $1,000 for each.

Chattahoochee High School didn't have a football team but they played baseball and basketball. We played a game at recess and lunchtime that I never heard of any other school playing. It was called "Scrub Baseball." We would all run out to the ballfield. The first one to homeplate would be Scrub #1. The next one, Scrub #2, and then Scrub #3. They would be the batters. Then came the catcher, pitcher, first base, second base, shortstop, third base, left field, cetner field and right field. When a batter would get out, he would go to right field and everyone would move up. That way everyone would play a different position.

Chattahoochee High School turned out some good ball players. The Hyder brothers were all good ball players. Jim Hyder made a pitcher and played with the Bony Allen Team at Buford, Georgia. John Hyder (Wack) went to A. & M. near Monroe, Georgia. When he finished school he coached basketball. Some of his brothers played for him. Whack went from A. & M. to Georgia Tech and coached there for quite a while.

There was a boy from Chattahoochee High School that made a name for himself. John Sellman Kiddle, we called him Sellman. His mother was a Methodist Preacher's widow and she later married Mr. Cooley from Mell Dean, a train stop between Clermont and Helen on the Gainesville Northwestern Railroad. Mr. Cooley helped Sellman through college. He made a pilot and he was on the mail route from Atlanta to Washington. His plane hit Stone Mountain but he wasn't hurt. Later he was killed in a car wreck going from the airport to his home in Atlanta.

In 1900 Chattahoochee High School opened. The town was called Dip when the school opened. It was changed to Clermont in 1905. There was a dormitory at the school and the Baptist would pay the expenses for a young man studying to be a preacher. Preacher Elroy Collins, who preached at the Baptist church in Winder for a long time, was in school there with us. His brother Bunion and their cousin., Tom Collins, were there also. In 1935 Chattahoochee graduates won more college honors than any high school in Georgia. It was so superb that Mercer University accepted sophomores without further examinations. The school also excelled in athletics. They won the state basketball title in 1938 with a team that included Whack Hyder.

My brother Joseph, we called him Joe, fell and broke his left arm. He broke it in the elbow and father carried him to Gainesville to Downey Hospital. Dr. Downey set his arm, the tendons in the elbow were broken and he had to set it so he could not straighten it. His left hand and arm did not develolp like the right hand. The left hand is smaller.

In 1909 Downey Hospital helped establish Gainesville as a Regional Medical Center. It was the only hospital between Atlanta and Greenville. It was one of the first accredited hospitals in Georgia.

In 1920 Clermont had two banks, a hotel, a post office, a drug store, a furniture store, a telephone exchange, a jail, uniformed city police, two doctors and two railroads, the Gainesville Northwestern and the Chestatee. There were no paved roads. The Gainesville Northwestern went to Helen, Georgia and on to Robertstown and then turned around. There was a big sawmill in Helen. They made oak flooring and shipped it all over the country. The Chestatee went to a cooppermill on the Chestatee River. The mine was closed after World War I.

I learned the hard way that it does not pay to hurry. One Saturday afternoon we were having a ballgame. I had to take the horse and wagon out in the country and get a load of wood. When I started back I had the horse trotting around a curve. It was too fast. I fell off the wagon and sprained my ankle. I could not play ball that afternoon.

Another Saturday all us children that were big enough went out in the edge of town to pick cotton. Mother fixed us a lunch and sent some water since we were to stay all day. Ira Lewis wanted to go to a ballgame that afternoon. Mother told me not to let him go. But about time for the game he tried to go so I would run and catch him and bring him back. I had to do that several times. I could not pick much cotton for running after Ira Lewis.

In the summer when Huckleberries were ripe Mother would put all of us in the one horse wagon and go to the foothill of Wauka Mountain. We would pick huckleberries and she would make pies and jam out of them.

In the Fall of 1920, Father bought a small farm about two or three miles out of town on Shoal Creek. It had some bottom land on it. He planned for us to raise corn for the horse and hog. He wanted us to have something to do in the summer. There was some wood on the place also and I cut wood and hauled it home. One day I was bringing a load of wood home. A car passed me and scared the horse and she ran away. She broke the single tree and left me on the wagon. After that she would try to run away every time she met a car. Father had to trade her.

The winter of 1920 I cut cord wood for a boiler that ran a cotton gin. I got $1.00 a cord for cutting wood. It was so cold that my feet got frostbitten. I would burn pine needles in front of the fireplace. The smoke from the pine needles helped cure the frostbitten feet.

During the flu epidemic of 1918 and 1919, Father had the flu. His health began to fail him. In the Fall of 1920 and during the Christmas holidays he went back to the home of his sister, Mrs. G. W. Guffin, where he passed away on January 12, 1921. January 13 was real cold. Father had a masonic funeral. It was so cold they used the short form instead of the regular service. This resolution was sumbitted:

Resolution On the Life and Character of Dr. J. G. Elder, adopted by Unity Lodge No. 36 F. & A. M., March 1, 1921.

We the committee, submit the following:

Dr. John G. Elder was born in Oconee County august 15, 1886 and died January 12, 1921. He was a son of the late John Lewis (?) Elder, a prominent planter of this county in his day. Dr. Elder moved with his parents from Oconee to Jackson County in early youth and was educated at Martin Institute. He read Medicine and was graduated from the State Medical College at Augusta, Ga. He located at Jefferson and followed his chosen profession here until six years ago when he located at Clermont in Hall County, Ga. His health failed him in the Fall of 1920 and during the holidays came to the home of his sister, Mrs. G.W. Guffin on the farm where many of his most pleasant years were spent and in the bosom of his family and loved ones.
He passed away like one who wraps the drapery of his couch about him and lies down to pleasant dreams.

On October 17, 1897 he was married to Miss Emma Jane Segars. To them were born ten children, eight of whom survived; three girls and five boys together with the grief-stricken widow. the home life of this family was one of peace and contentment. He was devoted to his wife and children.

In the year 1883, Dr. Elder united with The Christian Church at Galilee, and became a charter member of the Jefferson Christian Church when it was organized a few years ago. He had a firm faith in his God, a regular attendance upon the services of his church whenever it was possible for them to go and liberal in his gifts to its various causes and practiced charity and benevolence when a worthy appeal was made to him. A kind neighbor and friend, quite generous to a fault, truly a good man and a beloved physician has gone to his eternal reward.

He was initiated into Mystic Rights in 1891 and was devoted to the principles of Masonry, and with him Brotherly Love, Relief and Truth were his cherished ideals. It was a delight for him to add his mite in conferring the Degrees, to inform his less informed brother, to lead the blind by the way they know not, to "make crooked things straight" etc. It was the work in The Royal Arch that especially appealed to him.

But the Supreme Ruler of the Universe has called his spirit to another realm. Let us all hope to meet him in The Grand Lodge above and grasp once more his vanished hand.
His remains were interred in the Galilee Cemetery on January 13, 1921, Funeral services being conducted by Rev. T. L. Young.
By the Committee,
J. C. Bennett, J. S. Ayers, S. J. Smith

The next day Ira Lewis and I went back to Clermont to look after things at home. Mother and the others came on later. When we got home everything was covered with snow and ice. 1919 and 1920 were bad winters. The other doctor in town had the flu also. The Helath Department in Atlanta sent a doctor to Clermont to wait on their patients.

There were 5 of us boys and Father told us older boy's he didn't want any of us to make a doctor. He was raised on a farm and he wanted us to be farmers. John Davis was only 5 years old when father died. He made a doctor. His son and his daughter made doctors also. There were three John Elder that made doctors. Dr. John Griffin Elder graduated from the Medical Department University of Ga. at Augusta in 1896. Dr. John Davis Elder graduated from the University of Ga. School of Medicine, in Augusta in 1943. Dr. John Frederick Elder graduated from the University of Ga. School of Medicine, in Augusta in 19 - -.

After Father died we had no way of making a living in Clermont. Father had bought that small farm and made a down payment on it. We could not make the other payments on it so we had let it go back and we lost the down payment on it. Mother's brother, Uncle Ira Segars, lived in Barrow County near Winder. He wanted us to move down there where he could help us make a living on the farm. He rented a small farm for one year until we could sell our home in Clermont. We rented the place in Barrow County (Winder) for one year on third of the corn and fourth of the cotton that we raised.

After that year Mother sold our home in Clermont to Clarence Chandler. She bought the farm from her cousin, Aunt Sis Hill Brady and Homer Hill's mother. They lived in Winder and when we gathered the corn I had to take their part to them in the wagon. When we sold the cotton we gave them their part. When we left Clermont Mother sold the car, horse, buggy, and wagon, plus plows and things we needed to farm with. The first year we farmed we would help Uncle Ira with his crop. Then he would come over and help us with our crop. He was teaching us how to farm. The next year we made our crop without him having to come over, but he would tell us what to do. We had a cow, chickens, a hog, and a big garden. We raised wheat and syrup cane. We made a living at home and did not have to buy much. I had to quit school to do all this.

Uncle Ira Segars lived near Central School House. The land where his house and the school was is now part of the airport. He had 2 boys and 1 girl. My uncle Ira Segars would stutter when he talked but when he mashed his finger he could cuss as good as any body. He quit school because the other children made fun of him.

I was born with a handy cap. I was left handed and could not talk plain, but I did not let it get me down. I hung in there and have made it for 83 year.

When we moved from Clermont, we got a neighbor that had a truck to move us,. The last load, Ira Lewis, Ruth, Joseph, Annie, and myself went on the truck. Ruth and Annie rode in the cab with the driver; Ira Lewis, Joe, and myself rode in the back of the truck. I had a dog about six months old that a good friend, Remer McMillian had given to me. He and I used to hunt together. Uncle Ira told this on me: He said I was supposed to look after the others but I held the dog and the others had to look after themselves.
When we got to Chestnut Mountain we had a flat tire and while Ira Lewis and myself helped fix the tire, the others went out in the woods and Annie found a five dollar bill. Mother, Davis, and Paul came on the train.

My Oldest sister, Mary, finished high school at Clermont and taught school at Sugar Hill, a county school out from Gainesville. She and Mable Chandler taught there one term and when we moved to Barrow County they came and taught one year at Central, a small school where the airfield is now. Later, Central was consolidated with Cooks Elementary School. Mary an Mabel lived with us that year. Then Mary got married on April 16, 1922, and left home.

Miss Lizzy Sheed and Miss Mabel Herrin taught at central the next year and then Central was consolidated with Cooks. Central taught through the eight grade. I had already finished the eight but in the wintertime when I didn't have too much to do at home, I went to school to review up on my studies and Miss Lizzy wanted me to help the boys to learn to play basketball. I had played a little basketball at Clermont. Lester Greenway went on to college and played basketball. Mark and Joe Allen Dunahoo, Hoyt Cooper, Lamar Giles, Leroy Morrow, Hoke and Charles House and Ira Lewis were all going ot school there then.

When Miss Lizzy went to Cooks School she wanted me to come over there and help the boys learn to play basketball. They had never played basketball before. I would go over there and help and Lonzo Jackson lived nearby and was going to Winder High School. After school he would come by and he and I taught them how to play basketball. Some of the boys went on the Statham and played ball. We had one girl that played with us. She was a regualr tomboy. She was the only girl in a family of several boys. Her name was Bethel Jones. She married Glen Pentecost and they had boys that went to Statham and Winder and played basketball. Later we put up some goals and made a basketball court in Mert Hill's pasture. We would go to Cooks School and play the boys there and they would come over and play with us and we went to Bethlehem once and Henry House would bring some boys from winder to play with us. The boys that played on the team were Lamar Giles, Leroy Morrow, Hoyt Cooper, Hoke and Charles House, Ira Lewis and myself. I didn't get to go to school and take part in the athletic programs, so we played at home and put up some poles and we would pole vault and high jump. The bedroom where us boys slept was not sealed overhead. I put some small poles between two of the rafters and made us an exercise bar so that we could go from bar to bar with our hands. Paul was the only one of us that went to high school and took part in the athletic programs. He played football, basketball, baseball, and later became a good tennis player.

November is hog-killing time in the country. Hog killing time was the busiest day of the year. Every family raised one or more hogs and the first cold spell in November they would kill a hog, or if they raised two hogs they would kill the other one in December or January. We had a place fixed near the branch that ran through our pasture at the bottom of a hill. There were pine trees on it and it kept the north wind from hitting us so it wasn't too cold. There were four families in our community that killed hogs together. Uncle Elec Hill and Uncle Jimmy House would decide when it was cold enough to save the meat. We would go in a one-horse wagon to the hog pen and get one hog at the time. Alvin House was a good shot with a rifle. He would shoot the hog and Uncle Elec Hill would stick the hog with a long butcher knife to let the hog bleed. Then we would put the hog on the wagon and carry it to the water from the branch. We would put the hot water in the barrel to soften the hair on the hog so we could get the hair off the hog. The water had to be just right. If it was too hot, it would set the hair and it would be hard to get off.

We would put the hog in the barrel head first and then turn it around and put the other end in the barrel. Then we would put the hog on a table and get the hair off. We had a frame we would hang the hog on to get the interals out. Uncle Elec would get the interals out and let them drop in a tin tub. The women would carry them to the branch and wash them out and we would have chiterlings to eat. Then we would put the hog in the wagon and carry it to the house, put it on the table, and cut it up. Then we would trim the fat off and put it in a pot, cook the grease out, and make lard. The pieces of meat left we called cracklins and Mother made cracklin corn bread. She would cook it in a dutch Oven on the hearth in front of the fireplace putting coals from the fireplace under the oven and coals on the lid.

We would leave the meat out all night on a table in the smoke house and let it cool. The next morning we would rub the meat with salt, put it in a box, put salt all over it, and leave it in the box until Spring. Then we would take it out of the box and wash it and hang it in the smoke house. I guess the reason we called it the smoke house was after we hung the meat up, we would burn hickory bark under the meat to flavor it and keep the flies off.

This happened to Uncle Elec: He went to town one Saturday and bought a pair of overalls. He was chopping cotton one Monday morning and a lizard ran up his overall leg. He grabbed it and mashed, then held it in his hand. With the other hand he got his knife and cut it out of his overalls. He threw it down and stomped on it, but it was already dead and his overalls had to be patched.

Uncle Jimmy had a country store. We would swap eggs for chewing gum and candy. Some of the boys would swap eggs for Prince Albert and Dukes Mixture smoking tobacco and roll their own cigarettes. I didn't smoke.

We had a first cousin, Mamie Elder. She married Press Hardigree. They lived between Winder and Statham near the Ballist Pit and there was a country school near their home, Maines Academy. They invited five of us cousins to come and spend the night. My sister Mary, myself, and three cousins from Jackson County (Eloise Johnson and Reba and Lewis White). The Hardigree's had one girl, Nolla, and four boys, Emerson, George, Rovert, and Samuel. They had a large house and liked to have company. They also liked to play jokes on people. The four girls slept in one room and just before they were getting ready to go to bed, Robert went in the room and got under the sheet. When the girls came in and were getting ready to get in bed, Robert raised up the sheet over his head and the girls ran out of the room screaming. The boys had tied strings to the window curtains and run the strings outside. After the girls went to bed, they would rattle the curtains. I don't think the girls slept any that night.

The next morning, cousin Mamie cooked two pans of biscuits. In one pan she put a small piecce of cotton in the middle of each biscuit and they passed the ones with the cotton in them to the boys. I had opened my biscuit and put gravy on it before I saw the cotton. I was sitting next to Robert and I saw him push his biscuit to the side and get one off the other plate so I did the same.

Cousin Press had a big farm and was one of the first farmers to farm with a tractor. He had a small saw mill, a corn mill, and a wheat thrash. He thrashed wheat in the spring for the public.

One day, Mr. Giles came to the mill in a two-horse wagon and brought his corn in a large basket. He tied the mules, shelled the corn, and put the basket back in the wagon and was inside the mill visiting with Cousins Press while the corn was grinding. Robert untied the mules, got the lines, and got under the basket and started the mules running down the road. Mr. Giles heard the mules running and thought they were running away. He started after them. After they got down the road a little ways, Robert came out from under the basket and stopped the mules.

Earlier, I told about bringing a dog when we moved from Clermont. He was a black hound dog with long ears. They came down to his nose and he had a course voice. I named him Drum. He was a good hunting dog and I tried to make a opossum dog out of him. A good opossum dog will not run anything at night except a opossum. But Drum would run rabbits or any scent he ran across night or day and I could not break him from running rabbits at night.

Alvin House had three dogs, one old and two young dogs. I would hunt with all four dogs. One day, a mad dog came by and was fighting with all four dogs. Alvin shot the mad dog and sent the head off to see if it was rabid or not. It was rabid. We decided that it would be best if we killed all the dogs. We did not want one of them to go mad and bite one of the children in the neighborhood. I tried to get Alvin to shoot them, but he wouldn't. Someone had to do it, so I did. I helped Aunt Cinethy kill that dog before, so I carried the dogs way off in the woods and they were running a rabbit. Good rabbit dogs will come to you when you shoot and if you have killed the rabbit that they are running, they will go back and try to jump another one. I shot and the dogs came one at a time. I shot them and didn't take time to bury them. I left them for the buzzards.

The boll weevil was bad in the 1920's. We had to poison the cotton. But we made pretty good crops until 1925. It was dry that year. We made one light bale of cotton, and plowed up the stalks in september and the guano was still dry I have a joke that goes well here:

There were these three tenant farmers and it had been a very dry year, and of course they'd gone in hock for their seeds, fertilizer, and everything else that goes along with raising a crop of cotton. When they got to the gin, not one of them had enough cotton for a bale. So they decided to combine their cotton to make one big bale. They were very down and out, but somewhere they came up with a jug of white lightning, and things began to perk up. Finally, one of the men jumped up and said, "When I sell my cotton, I am going ot buy my wife a brand new sewing machine. She has always wanted a sewing machine, and I am glad now I can buy it for her." The next man said, "Well, my wife has always wanted a washing machine." The third man hadn't said a word. Finally the men said to him, "Zeke, what are you going to do for your wife?" He says, "Pass me that jug again. I ain't out of debt yet."

In September 1925 we planted wheat and oats after the cotton, and we made a good crop of grain. The guano left from the cotton made a good crop of grain. Farmers hadn't been putting fertilizer in when they planted grain, waited until spring and put a side dressing over it. After that, farmers fertilized when they planted their grain and made better crops.

The next year, 1926, fleas got in the cotton and stunted it and later in the summer it came out and made a late crop of cotton and the bolls open and pick the cotton out. But 1926 was a good year for grain when we plowed up the cotton stalks. In 1925, we planted wheat and oats.

In the fall of the year when we sold our cotton, we would go with mother to Auburn to Uncle Tom Flanagan's store and she would buy shoes, overalls, and winter clothes. Uncle Tom would sell things to her at cost. Uncle Tom's wife, Aunt Vedie, was Father's sister. We got a pair of shoes in the fall and had to make them last until spring, when the soles began to wear out. We would put a half sole on them and sometimes a new heel. We had a shoe last that Father used to mend our shoes before he passed away.

There was a widow lady who lived nearby. Her name was Mrs. Meady Wayne. She was a Jones before she married, and was a half sister to Bethel Jones Pentecost, the tomboy I mentioned before that played basketball with us at Cooks School. She married Mr. Hancock the first time and had one son, David Hancock. Mr. Hancock died and she married a Mr. Wayne. They had four children. He passed away, so there were two widows living near each other. she had two boys and two girls. Harold Wayne and I were about the same age. He and I went places together a lot.

The first year we farmed we had a large patch of syrup cane and made lots of syrup. That summer Harold and I went to Clermont in the wagon and brought back some one gallon jugs to put syrup in. Father had left some one gallon jugs that he bought medicine in. We went in the daytime, rode all day, but decided to come back at night since it was cooler. We "took time about" driving and sleeping. We came through Gainesville at night with gallon jugs in back of the wagon and were notstopped. Harold and I would walk to his grandparent's, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Jones. They lived near the Mulberry River. Harold and Doyle Henry left home and joined the Navy. they wanted me to go with them, but I couldn't leave my mother and the children. Some boys that went to the Navy just wasted four years of their lives, but Harold learned a trade. He learned how to paint signs and when he came back he taught his brother, John T.Wayne how to paint signs. He lives in Winder now. He is the only one of his family living.

Harold came home one summer and brought a friend with him. His name was Lynch. I don't remember his last name. Boys in the Navy were called by their last name anyway. One saturday, we all went ot town with Roy Steed He had a five passenger Model T Ford. Not many of the boys had cars then. There were five of us, Roy, Dave, Harold, Lynch, and myself, and on the way home, about half mile from Miss Meedy's (that was what we called Harold's mother), a chicken flew across in front of the car, and when we stopped, one of Harold's sisters saw a hen hanging on the crank. The crank had hit the hen in the side, and it was still hanging in the crank. We cleaned the chicken and Miss Meedy made us a stew that night.

After Harold went to the Navy I started going around with Gordon Pentecost. He was just back from the Army. He joined the Army during World War No. one and learned to box. He was a good boxer. there was a Mr. Ford that had been a boxer and had a son that was a boxer, who moved to Winder. He rented a room above Lays Wholesale Store and made a boxing ring and would put on boxing bouts. He arranged for a match between Gordon and Mell Barnes from middle Ga. who was a sparring partner of Young Striblin, who was one of the best boxers in Ga. He got killed riding a motorcycle.

While Gordon was training for the fight, several of us boys in the neighborhood would spar with him. He said he would not hit us. One day I was sparring with him and I hit him in the nose and made it bleed. He forgot that he was not going to hit us and hit me on the side of my head and raised a big knot.

Gordon and Mell Barnes had their fight and about the second or third round Gordon broke his hand and they had to stop the fight.

Kenneth Carpenter, a Winder boy finished school at Winder High School and was coaching at the school. He had boxed some but Gordon could not get him to box him. One Saturday while Gordon was training for the Mell Barnes fight, he and I went to Statham and he introduced me to them as his sparring partner from Atlanta and tried to get some of them to put on the gloves with me. He bluffed them all. If they agreed to put on the gloves, I guess I would have run.

Sometimes I would go to Statham with Gordon when he was going with Nettie McGee, who he married later. Nettie's mother was an elder sister to Dr. Elder sister to Dr. Elder of Bogart. I went with different girls; I wasn't thinking of getting married. I had a family at home; I was helping mother with the small children. One Sunday afternoon we were going to Statham. We stopped at Gordon's Uncle Dick Bowman's. He was bad to drink. He was drunk, and had his pistol and was waving it around. We didn't stay long. the next day he went to Statham waving his pistol at everyone. They were all afraid of him when he was drunk. He pointed the pistol at Guy Thurmond and Mr. Thurmond shot him and later Mrs. Bowman went to Statham and shot Mr. Thurmond. She had to spend some time in the Penitentiary.

Back then there was a flag station on the Seaboard Railroad ar Russeltown. The train would stop in the morning and carry Judge Russel to Atlanta and bring him back in the evening. There was a flag station about halfway between Winder and Statham named New Timothy. The Train would only stop in the daytime. One day Dick Bowman was drunk and went to Atlanta. He didn't leave until twelve o'clock. The twelve o'clock train only stopped at Lawrenceville, Winder and Athens.
Dick Bowman lived near New Timothy and when the train got there he pulled the cord and told the conductor that "Skimmer Ridge" was getting off. When the train got to Athens the conductor asked who Skimmer Ridge was. They told him that it was Dick Bowman. He called himself Skimmer Ridge when he was drunk.

One day Gordon and I were going to Statham in the buggy and met a man walking. We stopped and asked him how far was it 3 miles down the road. He said, "It is 3 times the length of a fool. If you won't believe it, lay down and measure it. We drove on.

In the summer we would get up a baseball team and go play other teams. One day we went to Bethlehem to play them. We had two brothers, Joel and Ansel Miller. They were good ballplayers, but they were high-tempered and would get mad and start a fight. One would start it and then they would get in it. That day, Ansel was arguing with at the umpire and a fight got started. He picked up a bat and drew it back to hit someone and Glen Pentecost was standing behind him and he hit Glen in the nose. It started to bleed. I helped him to get to the spring and stop it from bleeding.

One day we went to Hoschton to play ball. Fletch went with us. He was a good ballplayer, and when we got there he found out that Ode Tanner was going to pitch. Ode was one of the best pitchers around. Their regular catcher could not come that day, so he caught for them. Fletch thought that Ode would beat us bad.

Dock Hardigree pitched for us and I caught. Dock was tall and slim. He would rein back and look like he was going to throw a fast ball, but would throw a slow curve. They would strike at it and miss, or hit a slow roller to the infield and be thrown out. We beat them by one run. We sure did kid Fletch about being afraid to play against Ode Tanner.

Another day we had a game with Smithtown. They played in a pasture just off the Hog Mountain Road, near Julian Smith's home. We went in our two horse wagon. We drove one of our mules and the Cooper boys wagon horse. On the way home, some of the boys were walking along by the wagon and saw some maypops and got them and were throwing them at Golden Cooper- he was driving. Golden got mad and unhitched their horse and rode off and left us with one mule and a two horse wagon. So two boys took hold of the single tree, one on each of the single tree and one boy at the end of the tongue. And we got the wagon home. George Henry Fight, a cousin of ours from Jackson County was visiting us and he pitched for us that day.

In 1925, the dry year, there was a lot of typhoid fever. Several people died with it. I had the typhoid fever that summer. Dr. W. T. Randolph, Sr. was my doctor. There was a country remedy back then, "stuff a cold and starve a fever." Dr. Randolph gave me medicine and only liquid for about a week and then one cracker the first day and two the second day and three the third day and then I began to eat solid food.

I like farming. That was the only way we had of making a living back then, but I saw there was not much of a future for the small farmer and I didn't see how I could ever own enough land to be a big farmer. So I took a course by mail fromt he L.L. Cooke School of electricity. I still have the Job Ticket Handbook from L.L. Cooke. One of the first lessons was the bell systems. They sent me a bell buzzer, wire, and a battery. Joe, Ira, and myself had to take time about making a fire in the morning and when it was Joe's time to make the fire, mother had a hard time waking him up. So I put a bell near Joe's bed and a buzzer at mother's bed, so when she rang the bell she would keep ringing it until Joe answered with the buzzer.

Later Julius Carrington was working with Ga. Power Co. in Winder and was transferred to Cornelia and left a vacancy at Winder. A lot of the boys in Barrow applied for the job. Alan Carrington was our mail carrier. He went with me to apply for the job. It came down to three: Clay Camp, Slosh Whittley and myself. Slosh had lots of kinfolks and friends in Winder. He got the job. But he did not keep it long. Jewel Patrick, a Winder boy was Working with Ga. Power Co. in South Ga. They brought him back to Winder and gave the job to him. Later, Allen Carrington tried to get me a job learning to be an automobile mechanic. His brother, John Carrington and Marian Kilgore had a garage in Winder. Allen asked John about a job for me and John told Allen to tell me to come in on Monday morning and I could go to work. I went in on Monday. Mr. John had gone to Fla. on vacation and Mr. Kilgore did not know anything about it, so there went my mechanic's job. Later on, Bab Haynie, a cousin of mother's got me a job helping him at a wheat and corn mill.

Allen Carrington, our mail carrier, finished his mail route around twelve o'clock each day and he ran the picture show in Winder in the afternoon and night once. One year he rented Mr. Will Hill's place where Tom Gasaway lives now and farmed. His two brothers-in-law, Paul and Ralph O'Shields, lived with him and helped him farm. He had a mule named Rosin. when he turned him out in the pasture, he would jump the fence, so Allen tied a black washpot around his neck. The mule walked around in the pasture with a washpot around his neck.

That summer, after we layed by the crop, Allen wanted to build a swimming hole. In the lower end of the pasture there was a branch running through the pasture.
We borrowed a drag pan-you could hitch a mule to it and move dirt with it. We drug dirt from the banks of the branch and made a dam. After we finished the dam Allen got a wire cable and fastened one end up in a tree on the bank and he got a pulley like people used to draw water from a well, and fixed a handle on it so we could hold onto the pulley and ride down from the tree and drop off in the pond.

One day after Allen finished his mail route, he brought three of his friends with him out to the pond. Some of us boys were over there and he told me to go up in the tree and told the boys he brought withAAA him to go down on the dam and sit on the cable to tighten it so I would come down faster. Then he told me not to drop off in the middle of the pond but to hold up my feet and go on down near the dam and wet the boys on the cable. They were Vernon Henson, Ronnie Shields, and Earnest Green Graham, They would not have been any wetter if they had fell in the pond. Allen was on the Bank dying laughing. It's a wonder those big boys didn't throw me in the pond, but they didn't.

Ralph had a rope in a tree for a swing. Allen needed it for something, and told Ralph take it down. Ralph went up in the tree to take the rope down, but could not untie the rope, so he told Allen that he would have to get it down, that he was a better knot-get-undonner than he was. We had a big rope tied to the limb of a big oak tree and we would swing from one side of the tree to the other side. We would swing around just holding with one hand. I was the only one that could go around with either hand. One day Ira Lewis tried it with his left hand and fell and sprained his ankle.

Ira was always getting hurt. One time we were playing baseball. He was catching without a mask and a foul ball hit him in the neck and broke that small bone we called the Adams Apple. When we lived at Clermont we were over at Paul Dunagan's and were playing in their pasture. Their pasture was on the bank of a creek. It was just after a big rain, and the creek was up and swift. Ira Lewis got too near the water and fell in and could not get out and started down the creek. Paul and I ran down the creek to where the water was not as swift and pulled him out. In Jefferson he fell out of a tree and broke his arm. I was lucky. I didn't have any broken bones until 1930 when I turned over in a truck and broke my hand.

We only had one mule for a long time. Uncle Ira bought her for us when we moved from Clermont,. She was a young mule. Then she and another mule hitched to a wagon of cotton ran away with a colored man and threw him off the wagon and killed him. But Uncle Ira thought that we could handle her and she sure was a good mule. Mother kept her until in the 30's. We would plow her all the week and on weekends would drive her to the buggy.

I remember one Sunday night J.A. Haynie and I were at Mr. Geen Dunahoo's to see his girls. We had the mule tied to a tree in front of the house and someone came by and took the cushion out of the buggy and we had to ride until I got the other one back. Someone hid the cushion under a corn crib near the barn and Mr. Dunahoo was cutting weeds behind the crib and found it. No one ever owned up to taking it, but I am pretty sure it was the two boys that married the Dunahoo girls. They would not own up to it because Mr. Dunahoo did not like it.

The year before I started working public work, mother bought a mule from Mrs. Lillie Haynie and Ira Lewis and I rented some land from cousin Cora Elder and had a cotton crop of our own, and when I started Public Work I thought Ira Lewis would stay on and raise another crop. But Ira Lewis left home. We didn't know where he was for a while.He and J.A. Haynie went to North Carolina, and I had to work my job in town and help on the farm also. Just before Father died, he told Ira Lewis and myself that he wanted us to take care of mother and the children and we told him that we would.

My oldest sister, Mary, finished high school. I wanted to finish high school, but when Father died I had to quit school and go to work. A good friend of mine joined the Navy and wanted me to go with him, but I had a crop started and could not go.

Lonzo Jackson, the four years that he played football in Winder, would come to the field with the coach and try to get me to come to Winder High School to play football. But since I was the big brother of the family I had to try to take the place of a daddy. Some of my brothers and sisters did not like it when I borrowed some money from Mother that she got when she sold her farm. But if I had not had that money when she passed away, Davis, Annie, and myself would have had to pay the burial expenses. We paid those expenses out of the money we got for the farm and divided what was left eight ways. When I was in the hospital in 1985 and like to have died , not any of my living brothers or sisters came to see me except Mary. She came to see me. She remembered how I had tried to help the family.

I have tried to help the best I knew how. I farmed from 1921 to 1927 and got a Public Job and still helped on the farm. We needed a building to put cotton, corn, and fodder in. We got Uncle Jimmy House to build it for us and I paid him for it. I would bring home a 48 lb. sack of flour each week. That's how many biscuits Mother cooked. After I married and left home, Mother borrowed some money, and when it was time to pay it back she could not pay it, so I paid it for her.

When Davis was in college, he had to have an appendix operation. I borrowed the money and pad for it. Later, Ira Lewis got in trouble with an insurance company. I paid him out of it. He paid most of it back.

Just after I started Public Work, I opened a bank account and just had fifty dollars in it. I learned the hard way not to give anybody a blank check. I had a friend that vas running a filling station on Broad Street. I stopped by there one morning and he wanted to borrow some money to pay for some gas that the gas truck was bringing that morning. He said that it would not be over 25 or 30 dollars and wanted me to sign a check and he would fill it out when the gas truck came. Well, it came to 75 dollars and he gave my check for that amount. I got a notice from the bank that I was over drawn and I had to go to a friend, Ellis Hardigree, and borrow 25 dollars.

I learned not to buy stock in these get rich deals. Preacher Vaughn and his son, Jerry, brought money from First National Bank in Gainesville and bought Wauker Mountain, sold stock, and planned to develop a park. They made a road to the top of the mountain, built a pond, and started work on a golf course. A friend of mine, Albert Swiam, bought stock and sent the salesman to me. I would not have been interested except for sentimental reasons. I played on the same mountain when I was a boy and John (Wack) Hyder bought stock for the same reason. I had a friend in Hazelwood, North Carolina that bought stock in the Maggie Valley Park in North Carolina and it paid off. The Wauker mountain project could have been developed like Maggie Valley if it had been handled right. The Vaughn's failed to develop the park and the bank got the mountain and resold it. Whack Hyder (ex-Georgia Tech Baseball Coach) and I were at the last stockholders meeting. We tried to get them not to let the bank take over. He and I influenced friends and relatives to buy stock and hated to see them lose money like we all did.

Mr. R. L. Rogers, Mr. McWorther, and Mr. Robertson went in business together. They put a fertilizer plant and wheat and corn mill in Rogers Warehouse. Cousin Bob Haynie had been a miller all his life. He installed the mill Building across from the Seaboard Depot and I boarded with them until they moved. Cousin Bob didn't run the mill long. When he left, Mr. Nicholson from Statham ran the mill for a while. Then I ran it until they sold the mill, when the Haynies moved. Lonzo Jackson and I had a room there at the Old Barrow Hotel.

We were there when the New Barrow Hotel burned. There was a fire in town and people were jumping from the second floor. One man broke his leg. That was the first fire I ever helped put out.

Lewis Lanthier and Mitch Church were calling for someone to come and help with the hose because the pressure was so strong. I went and helped them. I was bareheaded and got smoke and water in my hair and it was six months before the scent got out of my hair. Lonzo and I moved to the old Jackson home place just across from the old Christian Church. Edgar and Dee Jackson lived there then. We slept there and had our meals with Cousin Jennie Hardigree just down the street in a house where Stell's Studio is now. After she moved, Sheriff Otis Camp lived there. He was living there when he died.

There was a different custom then than now. When one died, someone would sit up all night with them. Mr. Otis wanted the men from his Sunday School class to sit up with him the night before he was buried. Two of us would go and stay two hours and then two more men would come. Homer Hill and myself stayed from twelve until two o'clock.

While Lonzo Jackson and I were rooming together, he was working at City Pharmacy and had to work late and sometimes I would go by and wait for him to get off. I was there one night and Mrs. DeLaperriere's maid came in and wanted ten cents worth of assafetida and said to charge it to Mrs. DeLaperriere. Lonzo took a dime out of his pocket and said, "I will pay for it, because it is worth more than a dime to spell those words."

In 1927, I bought a Model T Ford and stayed at home so I could be more help at home, and I had passengers that rode to work with me. After the mill was in operation a little over one year, they decided to go out of business and sell the mill. Mr. Rogers wanted the space to store cotton. I tried to borrow the money to buy the mill and run it myself, but it was hard to borrow money then. I found one man that said he would help me buy it if we could find a building to put it in, but he could not build a building and buy the mill too. His name was Fon Harwell. The mill cost $10,000 and they sold it for $1,000. A man from south Ga. bought it and moved it away.

Mr. Robertson rented the filling station in front of Albert William's Garage and I helped him run it. He wasn't making aliving running the station so he moved back to madison, Ga. where he was raised and went back in the fertilizing business. Then Mr. Rogers gave me a job weighing cotton and working in the warehouse that fall.

Uncle Dock Lay had a nephew, Horace Edison, that lived in south Ga. working in a bkery and had learned the trade and wanted Uncle Dock to start a bakery in Winder and let him run it. He rqn it for awhile and got dissatisfied and went back to south Ga. Ernest Lay, Uncle dock's son, tried to make a go of the bakery. He hired a baker, Shorty Ward from Atlanta, and hired me to help him. Shorty didn't stay long. then he hired another baker, Mr. Bowen, Ernest ran the bakery until the summer of 1931. Then he went broke and closed the bakery.

Before I married, Hoke House had a Model T. Ford. One Sunday, Hoke, myself, and three girls went to Woody's Gap near Dahlonega and had a picnic. We climbed the mountain and then started back home. The lining in the low and high gear burned out. We had to go in reverse to the nearest house and get someone to take us to Dahlonega to get someone to fix it for us. We were after dark getting home.

One Fourth of July a group of us went to Mitchell's Bridge Park for a picnic. There were three car loads of us. Joe, my brother, and some girls went in my car to Athens to get some ice cream. When they were coming back, just as they started to turn in at the park, a car hit them and broke down a wheel on my car and kept on going. Otis Casper carried me to Athens and we got someone to put on a new wheel.

On January 1, 1928 I had a bad time gettting my Ford cranked to go to work. It was Monday, and the day before, on Sunday, I went to Gainesville with Hoke House to carry his niece home, and coming back we got in a rut in the road and bent the crank. I didn't know it until I tried to crank the car. I had to straighten it and then I could not get it cranked. I tried everything, jacked up the hind wheel, pured hot water on the engine, and had to get Mert Hill, our neighbor, to help me push it down a hill before I got it cranked. I got to work, but it was so cold we did not work that day. It was the coldest day I can remember since I have been living. In Barrow County it was below zero. DeLaperriere's Drug Store burned early that morning. It was so cold the water was frozen and the firemen had to stand and watch it burn.

We did not have good roads. What work that was done back then on the country roads was in the summer-time when the men layed by their crops, they would work the roads to pay their Poll Tax. There was a Poll Tax you had to pay before you could vote.

On Sturday, most all the people that lived in the country would come to towwn and Allen Carrington, our mailman, would get with a bunch of men and tell a tale he made up on someone in our county. He said Mr. Mun Houses's family was all sick with the flu except for him and Mrs. Mattie House. A neighbor was coming over to wait on them.

She came up a path that came by the barn and Mr. Mun was down on his knees praying. He said, "O Lord, help me. I don't know what I am going to do. My whole family has the flu and I have the **##*#*cold." Mr. Mun was bad to cuss. Most all those old families back then cussed. They didn't think any more about cussing than taking a drink of water.

Another time he told one ofn Edmun Giles. He said Edmun was drunk and said his wife Sue was praying. She said,"I don't know what I am going to do. I have a house full of children and my husband stays drunk", and Edmun raised up and said, "Sue, don't tell him I'm drunk, say I'm sick." Edmun had a large family and his neighbor across the road from him had a large family also and Edmun said he was trying to catch up with him, but he would not treat him fair. About the time he caught up he would double on him Mr. Smith had two sets of twins.

When we went to twon on Saturday, some of the boys that I ran around with would say, "Let's go get drunk" and I would tell them that was the craziest thing I wever heard of, for they knew that the next day the would be nearly dead. I didn't take up a lot of bad habits like most boys, like drinking and smoking, for I had four brothers at home looking to me for an example and I learned that responsibility was good for you. It kept one from doing things you might have done if you hadn't had responsibility.

In December, 1930, we had a big snow. Everything was covered in snow and ice. I was driving a bread truck. I had a route taht went to Lawrenceville, Loganville, Monroe, and back to Winder. The roads were bad and I got Tom Bailey and RaymonBentley to go with me on the route. We made it all right to Monroe. I was tired an Tom wanted to drive. Just before we got to Campton, we were going up a hill and the truck slid off in a gully and turned over. Raymon was riding in the middle and I was on the right side, the side we turned over on. My right hand hit the door handle and broke it and busted the knuckle up in the palm of my hand.

I had planned to get married Christmas. Zelma and I had been going togethere for four years, but when I broke my hand we put it off until April 25, 1931. We had not been marrie4d long before that bakery closed and I was out of a job. Then I got a job with Hoyt Cooper in a grocery store and he went broke and had to close.

Then I got a job with the Highway. Mr. Downes was the Highway Boss and the job was widening the highway from this side of Mitchell Bridge to the city limits of Athens. I had been working inside, and the hot sun like to got me the third day. But Mr. Downes let me take it easy that day and after that I made it all right. The job lasted about three months and then I went to Canton,Ga. to work in a bakery.

Mr. Bowen, the baker I worked with in the bakery in Winder, had a brother-in -law, Howard Bagwell that helped him start a bakery in Canton and he wanted me to help him get the bakery started. I worked there until Christmas. I would come home every other week.

One week I hadn't planned to come home, but finished my work early on Saturday and decided to hitchhike home. I went down to the highway and a Deputy Sheriff came by, and I rode with thim to Marietta and rode the streetcar to Atlanta nad transferred to Decatur, walked to the edge of town and got a ride in a Model T to Lawrenceville. I got there just before the twelve o'clock train got there and rode it to Winder. I rode everything but a mule. I went back to Canton sunday afternoon on the bus. Back then you could ride a streetcar from Marietta to Atlanta for a dime, and transfer to Marietta for a nickle. Decatur signed a contract years ago with Ga. power Co. to ride for five cents and the contract had not run out then.

Preacher John Wood married Zelma and I in 1931 at the old Christian Church on Woodlawn St. We bought our furniture from Robertson's Furniture Store on credit and moved to a two room apartment on Braod Street where Bo's bottle shop is now. We moved into the house with Shory Ward, the baker I was working with. We lived there about one year. Then we moved to a two room apartment on Park Avenue in the house with Mrs. House, Henry House's mother. We moved from there to the old Appleby homeplace on New Street int he house with Mr. and Mrs. Bentley, Zelma's parents. We moved with them from there to a house onStephens Street and then rented a house from Gertude Rogers on the corner of Stephens Street and Griffeth St. Mr. and Mrs. Gordon lived with us. We were living there when our daughter Frances was born, on April 2, 1935.

When I came back from Canton, I could not find a regular job so I worked at odd jobs, anything I could find to do. I worked at Winder Lumber some, and at Winder Plumbing Co., I worked with Jimmy Lord sometimes. I would help unload coal at the Ice and Coal Co. and sometimes help unload a carload of groceries at Jone's Wholesale House. I worked some with Clay Camp and Jim Harwell wiring houses. Zelma had an Uncle Lonie Brooks. He and his son Sick Brooks were electricians and I helped them some.

When Preacher Tucker built the building where Russel's Law office is now for a Funeral Home, I helped build it for seventy-five cents a day as a helper. My first job was digging a hole under the housse seven feet deep for a tank to run water through, to keep it cool (we didn't have refrigeration then). When I finished that job he put me to work with Dan Darby, the carpenter, doing the same work, but still paid me seventy-five cents.

While I was working there, Mr. Lum Edgar lived out int he country. He had a wheat crop and could not get anyone to cut it. You had to cut it with a wheat cradle, before the combing they use now, so I went out there and cut it for him. He paid me three dollars a day, working from sunup to sundown.

I had my application in at the Carwood Manufacturing Company and was workin helping rebuild Smith Hardware. They had a fire. When Ira Perkins sent for me to come to work I started in the Shopping Room in 1936 and worked at Carwood until 1942, when I went to the Navy Yard during World War Two.. While I was working all those odd jobs, I remembered the advice Uncle Nahtan Elder gave me when Father died. He said, "You will have to work for a living, so take any job you can find, if you don't get but fifty cents a day, but be looking for the one dollar a day job. For the man working can find a better fob than the man that is not working."

I started working in the Shipping Room. Ellis Bowles was working in the Shipping Room and driving the truck. someone tried to organize a union at the Carwood and Ellis was the only man that joined the union. When they went on a strike, he lost his job and I started driving the truck. Ellis went to work at a plant at Gainesville and was killed there when a tornado hit Gainesvill on April 6, 1936. I was in Atlanta delivering some overalls and some pants to a wholesale place next to a funeral home, when they started bringing bodies to the

funeral home and late that afternoon, I went with some men from Winder to Gainesville to see if we could help, I saw on thing I will never forget. There was an empty boxcar onGainesvill Midland Railroad track with 2x4 piece of lumber sticking through both sides of the boxcar. There were four men from Winder killed at that plant: Mr. Claude Maine and Mr. Bradley were running the plant. I have a copy of the book "A City Laid Waste" by W.M. Brice. The name s of those men from Winder were Richard Ellis Bowles, Arthur Ernes Porter, Harvey Parkerton Kervy, William Robert Shields.

When I was working at Carwood just befor the war, there were night schoold that taught trades such as welding and machinist trades. They were teaching welding at Dacula, Ga. and a good friend of mine, Charley Lackey, wanted to take a course in welding and didn't want to go by himself, so I went with him. He and I both got our certificate in welding. He went on and made a welder and is one of the best welders in Winder now. I told him that I didn't want to make a career of welding and could have gone to the Navy Yard as a welder, but I like electrical work better.

The man that taught welding was from Alabama and they paid him more than they paid the teachers at the school in Dacula. But supply and demand control the price of everything. The teachers did not like it. They said they spent years in college and the welding teacher didn't finish high school.

I would haul cloth from Canton Mills in Canton Ga. we had a short wheel base Ford truck. I would bring fifteen bales stacked three high and tied on with a rope. I would go by Buford and Cumming and come back by Atlanta on the paved road. Thhere was no paved road by Buford or Cumming. Sometimes when the pressers were out of work, one of them would go with me. One day one fo the colored boys wanted to go with me and asked if I was going through Cumming. I said, "Yes" and he said,"Naw,sir, I can't go."

One day Emmet Thornton went with me and as we were crossing the Eddywau River. Just as we pulled onto the bridge a big truck pulled in on the other side and there was not enough room for both trucks on the bridge. I just did miss the other truck but the side bodies ont eh right side hit the side of the bridge and were torn off. We had to tie them back on with rope and come on in. After that Emmet called me "Eddywau".

Another time coming from Canton, I was by myself. It was just about dark; I was just this side of Woodstock. Three women in a car pulled out in front of me and stopped in the middle fo the road. I tried to go between their car and a light pole but there was not enough room, so the side of the truck hit the car. It broke one woman's collarbone. The ambulance came and carried them to Marietta Hospital. Five bales of cloth fell off the truck. Some men gathered around and helped me get them back on the truck. The sherrif came and helped us load.

The old truck was just about wore out. It would not stay in gear. I had to use a forked stick to hold it in gear. It didn't have good brakes. Sometimes when I came to a red light and could not stop I would turn to the right and come back in the highway the next block down. They traded for a long wheelbase Dodge truck. I could haul twenty bales standing on end. I didn't have to stack them. I would haul cloth from Pell City, Alabama and Rockhill, S.C. I would make one trip a month.

While I was working at Carwood, we had a softball game team. There were six teams in Winder and we had a lighted field and played at night. The teams were three garment plants, two furniture plants, and the Kiwanis. We had some good games and had lots of fun until two of the plants hired professional pitchers from Athens just to pitch softball. The players on the other teams lost interest in the games and they did not last long.

The W.O.W. sponsored a basekball team for some of the young boys just out of high school. We had lots of fun going to other towns at night to play basketball.

There was a man in Bethlehem, Ga. that was as big aroung as he was tall and had to have his pants special made. I think Carwood made some of his pants. He said he hadn't seen his feet in twenty years and had to tie his shoes by touch instead of sight. He said the doctor told him to watch his stomach and that was what he did, got it out where he could see it.

The Carwood was named after Mr. Carthers and Mr. Woodruff, the two main stockholders in the company. They took the "Car" out of Carthers and "Wood" out of Woodruff and made Carwood. Mr. Harris owes part of the credit for Carwood ' s success to his mother. She was working for Joe Sauls Department Store. They helped Mr. Harris get contracts with wholesale places owned by the Jews, to make overalls and pants for them.Carwood carried open stock for them and later Carwood made its own brand.

Mr. Harris was a smart man. He took the profit he made from Carwood and invested it and made a fortune. He was a big help to Winder and Barrow County in lots of ways.

I had a good friend , Barrow Williams. His name is interesting because he was named after Barrow County. He was the first born boy in Barrow County in 1914. Part of Jackson, Walton, and Gwinnett counties were taken to make Barrow County. He and I worked together at Carwood. He was a presser. Later I worked with him in a dry cleaning plant. After I started Elders Cleaners, he helped me when behind in the pressing. He and I both enjoyed square dancing and attended lots of dances together.

George Kesler and I ran around together for four or five years. If there was a square within thirty miles. George and I were there. Most of the boys thought they could not dance unless they had a drink, but George and I did not drink. We just enjoyed dancing. Allen Carrington played the piano. He got up a band and rented the country club in Athens and had dances every Thursday night. One night, they gave a prize for the best couple on the dance floor and Zelma and I won the prize. But one of the judges was a friend of mine, maybe that was the reason.

After I married, I bought two rabbit dogs. Clifford Ruteldge had a dog and Ralph Kesler had two dogs. We all worked at Carwood and on Saturday we would go hunting and stay all day. We put a biscut and sausage in our pocket and would drink water from a spring. Cliff and I would go with the dogs around the branch banks and run the rabbits out. On Saturday, we stopped about twelve o'clock to eat our biscuit. Wade Jackson was with us and was teasing Cliff and me about not having any rabbits. The others had two or three apiece. I told Wade that we didn't kill any rabbits in the morning. If we did, we would have to carry them all day. We would wait until just before going home to kill ours and would not have to carry them all day. We got lucky, killed several just before we quit hunting for the day. Wade would tell that when anyone was talking about hunting.

In 1937, the first four trips I made to Rockhill it snowed on me in January, February, March, and April. On one trip from Pell City I didn't put on my tarpulin when I left. I hadn't gone far when it began to rain. I pulled over on the shoulder of the road and put on the tarpulin. They had just put dirt on the shoulder and I got stuck in the mud. A patrolman cameby and stayed until I left. Before the patrolman stopped, cars came by so fast theyalmost swept me off the road. After the patrolman stopped they slowed down. I had to get a trunk to unload the truck and a wrecker to get the truck out of the mud. Then I put the cloth back on my truck.

I drove the truck about two years, then I got a job in the Sewing Room doing electrical work and helping fix sewing machines and worked there until 1942 and went to the Navy Yard and worked there during the day.

Some of us men would go rabbit hunting and have a stew at J.B. and Della Ruth Smith's store across the street from the Carwood. If we didn't have rabbit we would cook a chicken. I was the cook. We had lots of fun. We would play setback after supper, tell jokes, and kid each other. Some of the boys would take a drink for an appetizer. No one got drunk. Bob Maxwell was the youngest one of us and Hugh Wall was his son and Roy McElhanon was his grandson.

Some of us went in together and bought a sein to fish with. We would go to the Mulberry River when we got off from work at five o'clock, catch fish, and get home before dark. One day we were dividing the fish. There were five of us so we made five piles. One would turn his back and one of us would point at one of the piles and ask whose that pile was.

One time, Mrs. Collins, Preacher Collin's wife, came running around our house calling Peggy, her daughter. She and Frances, our daughter, played together. She saw the sein and said the only time she ever saw the preacher run was because of one of those. Everybody seined a long time ago and Mr. Clooins didn't think it was wrong to seine, just against the law.

-20-

That's what the bootlegger told the revenue officer: that it wasn't wrong ot make whiskey, it was just against the law. When we lived in Hall County lots of those people didn't have any way of making money except making a little whiskey. They made two kinds: one to drink and one to sell. Back then Father said that in some cases good whiskey was good medicine. He knew some of the bootleggers and would get some of their drinking whiskey for medicine. He didn't have the high-powered drugs they have now. Some of the medicines now have alcohol for their base.

Marvin Couch bought a house on King Street from Mr. Collie McEver and didn't keep it long and let it go back to Mr. McEver. I rented it from Mr. McEver. I was paying twelve dollars a month rent. We moved from Stephens Street to King Street. We lived there two or three months, paying rent, then we bought the house from Mr. McEver. I was to pay $1,000 in payments of $15.00 a month until paid with no interest. Mr. and Mrs. Bentley moved in with us. Zelma and I were both working and Mrs. Bentley kept Frances. There was no sewage on King Street then, so I bought a septic tank from Sears, built a room on the end of the porch and put in a bathroom. O dug a hole for the septic tank and installed it myself.

The Griffeth estate had some vacant lots on Griffeth Street that were sold at auction. There were four lots. Uncle Dock Lay bought two and I bought two. I planned to build a house. I tried to get a government loan, but found out that I couldn't get a loan unless you put in sewage and the city government said Griffeth Street was too low and we could not get sewage. So Uncle Dock and I sold our lots to Henry Oakly, who was mayor of Winder at that time and he got sewage on Griffeth Street and built three houseson four lots. That showed that the mayor can get things done that anyone else can't. After that there were three mayors that developed their property, while they were mayor, on property they couldn't develop before.

We bought a lot on the corner of Stephens Street and Park Avenue and had a house built. there were three houses on Stephens Street between our house and the Baptist Church: Mrs. Garrett, Mr. Bob Lord, and the Baptist parsonage. We had the house built in 1940. Ernest Pierce and Ralph Ferguson built our house. It was the first house they built after they started working together. They built it for $1,200. I had to get Mr. Emory Bennett to do the brick work and Winder Plumbing Company did the plumbing and I did the wiring. i borrowed the money to build the house from First Federal Savings Bank of Georgia.

Before we moved from King Street, I got some lumber that was piled in back of Carwood Co., that they were going to burn and made Frances a play house when we moved to Stephens Street. We moved the play house and later moved it where we are living now. It's in the back yard filled with junk. About once a year we would make some changes in the plant and the old lumber was thrown out the back.

Carwood hired an engineer to help with the changes. We would do the changing on weekend, just before Christmas, we had a line of machines to change. The engineer gave us a blueprint to go by with the elevator at one end of the line and certain machines on each side of the line. We finished just about dark. The engineer came and looked at it and said we had the machines on the wrong side. The ones on the right should have been on the left and vice versa. We showed him the blueprints and we had the machines like the blueprint called for, and asked him what happened and he said "the elevator moved". We had to change all the machines from one side to the other, for they had to be ready to run by Monday. We finished about twelve o'clock. The heat was off in the building. We got cold and two of the men helping us took the flu and were out for a week. Sam Williams was our Head machinist and he sure did fuss. The Engineer was Curt Sloeman. He was born in Germany and had a knot on his neck. Sam said they broke his neck and tied it back and ran him out of Germany.

I had a bad job once and had to work all night. Once the electric line over the cutting table burned out and had to be replaced at night. Mr. T.F. Brooks had the job. Ralph Bentley was working with him and they wanted me to help them. About twelve o'clock Mr. Brooks got sick and went home and Ralph and I had to finish the job. We finished about daylight.

When the back of the building was built, Wade Jackson was the foreman. I had worked with him at Winder Lumber Co. They had to roll our cement in a wheelbarrow, up a gangplank. He didn't have anyone that could do it, so he asked Mr. Harris if I could roll cement for them and I did. I did all kinds of work while at Carwood: put glass in the windows, fired the boiler when the janitor was out, did electrical work and worked on sewing machines and presses.

Some of us men at Carwood would go dove hunting when the season opened on September first. Ira Persins had a field where grain was cut in the spring and doves would come for the wasted grain and Ernest B. Craft had a field at Whisleville and one time got in trouble when we went to a field at Hubert McCain's. Jackson Gordon, the Superintendent at Carwood died August 31. I don't remember what year, but it was in the 1930's and some of us sat up with him. There was a difference in the State Law and the Federal Law; State Law said you could shoot Sept. 1 and the Federal Law was Sept. 15. We were out there early the morning of Sept.1, and were shooting doves when the Federal Men Came out there. Bob Maxwell and some of the others were late getting there and were still at the house and saw Federal men start coming. They hid their guns in the sweet potatoe patch and Hubert was watering his mule.

The Federal men started to the field where we were all left, except Hoke House. I tried to get him to go with me, but he said, "Hell no, I ain't going nowhere. Ihave my state license," but he didn't. They carried him to Athens and made a case against him and later he had to go to Gainesville to Federal Court. It didn't cost him any money, just time and trouble. We have so many laws that it would take a Philadelphia lawyer to keep up with them all.

In the fall during dove season, we would go dove shooting in the afternoon. Mr. Harris and Col. Kimball would go with us, take a stool and wait until the doves would come to the field to feed, and when someone shot, they would leave that field and go to another field. Then Cliff Ruteledge and I would go over and scare them up and they would come back. We were the bird dogs.

Some afternoons after we got off from work, cliff and I , Robert (Sock) Lay and Hugh Allen, would take our rifles and go out on the river and shoot at targets. Sometimes we would throw tin cans up and shoot at them. Sock and Hugh would shoot together and Cliff and I would. Cliff threw up a can and they both shot. We got the can and it had just had one hole in it, but we didn't know which one missed.

Then Hugh threw up a can and Cliff and I shot. They got the can and it had just one hole in it and Hugh said, "One of you missed." I said "No, Hugh. Cliff made a hole in the can and then I shot through the same hole." Hugh just roared. I said. "You can't prove that I didn't."

We would go seineing in the Mulberry River. Carl Barker was with us one day and we found a fish basket full of fish. He asked me what to do with them and I told him to take them out and put them in the sack, they might drown. Carl would always tell that on me when talking about fishing.

One Fourth of July, Roy McElhannon, PatCronic, Emmet Thornton I and our wives went to Rich Johnson's pasture on the Mulberry River. We went seineing, cleaned the fish, and cooked them there on the river. We had a black pot and a new calf muzzle that would go in the pot. We would put grease in the pot, get it hot, put fish in the muzzle, and dip them in the grease. Then cook hushpuppies the same way. The men did all the cooking and let the women watch. I am the only one of the four men left. I have been very lucky.

I left Carwood in the summer of 1942 and went to the Navy Yard. Gip Hardigree left Carwood at the same time I did. He went in the Army. When I got to Charleston I got a room downtown. I don't remember the name of the street. It ran off KingStreet and the First Christain Church was on that street near where I roomed. A man from Montgomery, Alabama roomed with me. His name was Gardner. The house was built near the sidewalk. There were six rooms in a row with a porch all the way down the front of the rooms with a door into each room. Our room was near the sidewalk. I stayed there until I could get a room near the Navy Yard. I got a room at Elizar Lucas Boarding House, just outside the Navy Yard and roomed with a man from Hendersonville, North Carolina. His name was Mixon. I stayed there until I could get a house in a Government apartment in North Charleston, Liberty Homes, and moved my family from Winder.

When I worked in Waynesville, N.C. I would ride the bus back and forth from Winder to N.C. One Sunday afternoon on the way back to N.C. there was a lady and a little girl in the sear behind me. The little girl said to her mother, "God wasn't as good to these people as he was to us. (she was from Florida) When he gave them their land, he piled it all up."

Another traveling story goes like this: A traveling salesman was riding down one of the mountain roads when he saw dust in front of him. He stopped right quick and a man got up out of the road and shoot himself and said, "That is the first time I have fallen out of that cornfield today."

I started work as a Third Class Electrician and soon worked myself up to First Class. I went to blue-print school and learned to read blue-prints. They told us that there were three ways to do a thing: the right way, and the Navy way, and to forget all you ever knew and do it the Navy way and you would do all right.

The first ship I worked on was a destroyer, The U.S. Bell. Then they started making L.S.T. The Navy had never made anything like that before. They were flat bottomed and had a big door on the front end of the ship that would let down to unload the troops and jeeps. There were two decks with an elevator to bring the jeeps from the upper deck to the lower deckto be unloaded. They wanted to make them in a hurry and cheap. they thought that if they just made one trip they would be worth the cost. But they used them in Germany and then used them in Japan. The Navy had always used A.C. generators in their ships and had not had any experience with D.C. generators. They were using D.C. generators because they were cheaper

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than A.C. generators. We had a Mr. King from Texas that had experiences with D.C. generators and they put him in charge of installing the D.C. system and I helped them. After the system was installed, they made blueprints of the system and used them in making the other L.S.T.'s. The L.S.T. would go in to shore at high tide and when the tide went down they would unload.

After we finished the L.S.T., I worked with the repair crew. We worked on disabled ships that came in for repairs. The first one I worked on was a destroyer, the U.S. Mayrant. One of President Roosevelt's sons was on the ship. A torpedohit the ship and destroyed one boiler room and one Engine room and they were pulled in for repairs. We had a time limit to finish it. Ship lifters, pipe fitters, carpenters, and electricians were all working at the same time and were in eachother's way. They sent us a General Electric generator and a Westinghouse switchboard and we had to make it work. Two men were in charge and gave up on it and I was put in charge. It was a hard job but we finished it in time.

The next ship I worked on was a British cruiser and they had their crew aboard. One winter we had a big snow-the first snow they had in Charleston in twenty years. A lot of people there had never seen snow before. We had to ride a bus from Liberty Homes to the Navy Yard. One trip we had a woman driver, and she had never driven in snow before and she got nervous and gave up and cried. Some man on the bus from up north drove the bus back to the Bus Barn for her.

When we were working on the Mayrant we had an electrician get killed. We had finished our work and had turned the ship over to the ship's crew and he was helping them with something about the wiring and got electrocuted. He and his buddy were from Puerto Rico and were over here training to be an electrician. When they sent him home the U.S. government could not send him beyond the border. We took up money to send him the rest of the way.

After we turned the ship over to the crew, we went wiht them on a trial run. When we were coming back, they hit a buoy and broke the running lights and we had to fix them so we could come on in.

Later I had a letter from the Admiral of the Navy praising us for our service beyond our regular duty. There was a man from Winder that was Vice Admiral ont he Cruiser USS Springfield that was hit by a missile. He was the son of preacher and Mrs. Ben McDonald. His name was D.L. McDonald, Commander Sixth Fleet.

Just before the war was over, Zelma and Frances got tired ofliving in charleston and wanted to go home. I had been working long hours, seven days a week and was worn out. The Navy Yard would not give me a release, so I quit anyway and went home.

I hadn't been home long until Clifford Rutledge, a sewing machine mechanic that I worked with at Carwood, was working with Singer Sewing Machine Co. traveling and working on machines. He had to go to Waynesville, N.C. to work on some machines Singer had sold them and wanted me to go with him. We went on Tuesday and Clifford introduced me and told him I was a sewing machine mechanic. He asked me if I was working and I said no. Then he said "I want you to go to work for us beginning yesterday." I told him I would have to talk it over with my wife. The job paid good, more than I could get in Winder, so I went to work the next week. The plant was in Hazelwood, just out of Waynesville. Waynesville was a tourist town. All the hotels there except one closed in the winter. It stayed open all the time. All the industrial plants were in Hazelwood. There was a rubber plant, a sawmill and a shoe plant. A Mr. Rollman ran the shoe plant. He was born in Germany and had a plant in California and later opened a plant in Germany. They made bedroom shoes and had a contact to make leggins for the Army. They started a night shift and I got two men from Winder to come and work on the night shift, Theo austin and Herman White. I was working there when the war was over. Mr. Rollman brought his brother-in-law from Germany and was training him to be a superintndent in one of their plants.

One day he got all over me about something - I don't remember what about. He got right up in my face and began to tell me what I had to do. I lost my cool and took him by the collar and shook him a little. Then I decided it was best for me to quit - we might have more trouble. So I quit and we moved back to Winder.

when I went to Hazelwood I boarded at Mrs. Whitener's Boarding House. Her husband was retired. He was a Deputy Sheriff once and they nicknamed him "Booga Bear". They were good people. They had apple trees in the back yard and a big garden and raised lots of Irish Potatoes. Mrs. Whitener had apples and potatoes fixed some way at every meal. I boarded there awhile and sold our home in Winder and bought a house in Hazelwood. Then when we left we sold the house back to the same man I bought it from. I bought it from the Sheriff - I have forgotten his name.

Hazelwood is between two mountains and is lower than the creek bed and when we moved to Hazelwood there was water in the basement and I couldn't find a pump, so I took a chisel and hammer and made a hole in the cement floor, and dipped up the water and carried it out in a bucket. Later, I found a pump and put it in.

I didn't have a car when we first moved to Hazelwood, but Herman White did and in the summertime we would be riding around and would see a church but not see the cemetery. They had to bury people on a hill because the water would come up in the graves and in the summer you could not see the cemetery for the trees. One Saturday afternoon Herman and I were in Waynesville and all the county people had come to town and I told Herman that I knew what happened to people up here: they didn't die, they just uglied away, and we had better move or we would "ugly away". I bought a 1940 model Ford before I left Hazelwood and after we moved back to Winder I sold it for more than I gave for it. Boys were coming back from the service and were trying to find a car. My brother-in-law that lived at College Park had a friend that was trying to find a car and he sold the car for me. I carried it to Atlanta and came back home on the train and didn't have a car for awhile.

When we moved back to Winder, we could not find a house. We were looking for a house to buy, so we stored our furniture, at a friend of ours, Mrs. Garrett, who lived onStephens Street. It was John Thompson's house. His baby brother, George Thompson had built a new house on East Broad Street and John wanted a new and larger house. So he sold his house on Kimble Street to us and built a new house before we could move in.

Mr. Rus Jones, his son, and two sons-in-law were getting ready to start Cherokee Manufacturing Company in Dacula, Georgia and wanted me to work for them when they were ready to put in the machinery and help them get started. I went to work for Horace Austin in a grocery store delivering groceries and kept working in the store until they were ready to go to work at Dacula. Singer Sewing Machine Company sent Walter Orr over and he and I put in the machines. I had worked awhile with Walter at Carwood. After the plant got started, I worked there awhile, and then went to work at Cluett Peabody Shirt Plant at East Point.

Cluett Peabody was a Union Plant, and the mechanic had a hard time when a machine broke down. The operators wanted you to take your time for the operators got top pay all the time thier machine was broken down. The boss wanted you to fix the machines in a hurry and stop paying the operator for not working. I worked there awhile and went to Bogart. Mr. John Marshall and Arthur Coffer had a plant there and had an Army contract making pants for the Army. When they finished the contact they closed the plant and I went from there to the Barrow Manufacturing Co. plant and worked there awhile.

Then Kemp House came back form the Army and they had promised him his job back when he got out of the Army and they had too many mechanics and one had to go. I saw an ad in the paper where a plant in Asheville, N. C. wanted a mechanic so I came home and got a job at American Dry Cleaning.

I worked there awhile and then went to Jacho Manufacturing Co. working on machines. Mr. L.B. Hall and Alvin Perry were opening a dry cleaning plant in Buford, Ga., - Five Points Cleaners, and wanted me to go in with them and run the plant. I borrowed the money for my part after we were in business about a year. I made them a proposition to buy or sell. They first said they would sell, then changed their minds and wanted to buy, so I sold my part and went to Atlanta, near Bolton, and bought Riversifde Cleaners. I ran it awhile, sold it, and ran a plant at Capital View in Atlanta awhile and then came back to Winder and worked at American Dry Cleaners again.

When I worked at American Dry Cleaners the first time, I had an operation for a rupture. While I was working at Capital View Cleaners I had strained myself helping move some machinery. I had an accident insurancce policy but they would not pay for the operation. They said it was not an accident, but I didn't do it on purpose, so I canceled the policy and haven't had any faith in insurance companies since. Dr. Green did the operation at the General Hospital in Athens. He did the same operation on two cousins of mine the same year, Walter and Clifford Elder.

While I was working at American Dry Cleaning, Jaco Manufacturing Company wanted a mechanic. I worked there awhile. I had joined the Mason's and had planned to take the Comandia Degree. They would not let me off, but I went anyway and they fired me. It was the only time I was ever fired. I drew unemployment for about two weeks.

I then went to work at Buford, Ga., and started Five Point Dry Cleaning plant. The city had a contract with a company that ditches dug all over town. They went bankrupt and left the ditches open. I had to drive the truck when the driver did not come in and got stuck in the mud several times. Buford is a hilly town. Going through town on the main street is level, but when twice a week I would go by Monroe and carry the laundry from Winder to Monroe and to Lawrenceville and on to Buford.

When I worked at Riverside Cleaners near Bolton I stayed there all week and went home on weekends. I slept in the back of the cleaners. Some weekends I would go home on the bus and sometimes I would go in the truck. I went in the truck one weekend and was coming back to work Monday morning between Highway 316 and Lawrenceville. Just across the Alcova River, there is a long steep hill and at the top of the hill to the right of the road, there is a house with the top even with the road. Just as I got there, there was a stationwagon that stopped right in front of me. He didn't have any brake lights and I didn't know that he was going to stop. A car was coming the other way, so I went to the right and jumped off the bank in the yard in front of the house and did nto turn over. I busted the right front tire and went to work.

One night, some one broke in the front of the cleaners and was trying to get the cash register open. I heard him and turned on the lights and he ran. I came out the back door with my riffle. He was running down the road. I shot and then he really took off.

On Thanksgiving, Mr. Hadaway, our truck driver, invited me to come over to his house and eat Thanksgiving dinner with them. That morning, just as I was getting up, I smelled smoke. There was a fire in the boiler room. I got a hose and put it out. Just as I got it out, the fire truck came. Someone had seen smoke and called the fire truck. There was a shortage in the wiring and I got an electrician to help me got it fixed.

Mr. Hadaway lived in Northwest Atlanta and was one of the first to move out of Atlanta and give his home to the blacks. The real estate company was doing something called block busting. They would pay a big price for someone's home and sell it to a black family. Then all the white people would sell and move out. I had a girl helping in the cleaners and she was a cousin of Zelma's. She and her brother lived together and they invited me to eat with them several times.

The second time I worked at American Cleaners, Mr. L.B. Hall, one of the men I helped start Five Pint Cleaners, came to me and said he knew where there was some second hand dry cleaning machinery for sale and wanted me and him to open a plant in Winder. I told him there were already three plants in town and I would have to study about it. I did and found out there was enough cleaning leaving town to support another cleaner because the price was cheaper. People working in Atlanta would carry their cleaning to Wood's Cleaners in Dacula. People working in Gainesville would carry their cleaning to Jake's Cleaners inChicopee and no Cleaners from Athens was getting a truck load of cleaning each week.

My brother Pual, had been living in Florida and had sold some property in Florida, moved back to Winder and was looking for something to invest his money in. He said if he didn't find something here he was going to California and I asked him if he wanted to go in the cleaning business with me. I thought he would be better satisfied here near his people.

So, we started Elder's Cleaners in October, 1957. We leased a building from Mr. F.G. Hamilton at $40.00 a month and paid the first Month's rent in advance September 16, 1957. We bought the dry cleaning equipment from G. Richard Martin in Athens for $3,500.00, paid $500.00 down September 26, 1957, and made monthly payments of $900.00. We paid the final payment July 13, 1959.

In 1960 Paul found a lot for sale - the lot that Elder's Clenaers is on. He built the building and we moved from Mr. Hamilton's building September 12, 1960. We bought a drive-in window from Shop Inn Car, Inc. for $350.00. Paul went back to Florida and went to work there. I told him since he was living in Florida it would better to dissolve the partnership and told him that I would buy or sell. We agreed that $4,000.00 would be a fair figure for the machinery and equipment. He said he would sell and I sent a check for $2,000.00 March 12, 1962. I took stock and sent him a check for $1,602.00, half the value of the stock and cash on hand.

Then in July, Paul sent the check for $2,000.00 back and said he had decided not to sell, but he did not send the $1,602.00 that I sent him for one- half interest in supplies stock and cash.

I let things rock along until 1963. Paul wasn't satisfied with the way I was running the plant and I told him that I would send him the check back for $2,000.00 to pay for his half interest in the cleaners, or he could pay me for my half machinery and supplies and run the place the way he wanted to. He told me to send him a check for $2,000.00 and we would dissolve the partnership. I paid him rent for the building until we sold the cleaners in 1974. Paul received rent on the building from 1960 to 1975 which more than paid for the building and sold the building for $30,000.00. Paul had between thirty and forty thousand to invest that he would not have had if I had not gotten him to go in partnership with me in Elders Cleaners. He made more profit in the deal than I did and I did all the work.

When Paul moved back to Florida, sometimes he would come to Mary's for the weekend and he would come by and bring his dirty clothes to be cleaned and mended. He did that until we sold the cleaners and hasn't come to see me since.

When we started Elder's Cleaners there were, as I said before, three other cleaners in Winder. The three men that ran the cleaners were in the same Sunday School class that I was. They didn't like it when we started the plant. They didn't want any competition, but competition is what made this country. People trying to see who could make the best and cheapest mouse trap.

We were a little cheaper with our cleaning than the others. Theo Jackson and Earnest Green Graham, Sr. never came in our plant as long as I ran it, but they sent Henry House out to get me to charge the same price as they did. I told Henry to tell them that I would make my own prices and if I went broke, that would be my business and tell Theo that if I was going to take orders fom him, I would have stayed with him. They didn't bother me anymore.

We were sending our laundry to Athens. But when Theo Jackson sold American Cleaners to Johnny Bottom, he sent Jack Smith our to see me about doing our laundry and we changed, letting them do it for awhile. Johnny kept sending word by our truck driver that he wanted us to go up on dry cleaning. Then one day he called me on the phone and said that as soon as they got what laundry of ours finished, they would not do anymore laundry with us, that he didn't do business with a horse's ass and hung up.

The next time I saw my brother Davis, I told him that if I had been ten years younger, I would have gone after the man. But if it had been Ira Lewis instead of me, he would not have taken time to get his hat, he would have gone right after him.

In 1958, Buford Dam was finished and some lots were being sold. We went to Gainesville one Sunday to visit Tom Collins and family. He told us about some lots that were being sold at an auction the next week. Tom wanted me to come and go with him to the auction, but I was busy at the cleaners and could not go. Zelma told Thomas to buy us a lot and she would pay him for it. Tom bought 2 lots and Thomas bought 2 lots and let Zelma have one on Wahoo Creek.

James Cook, a man I worked with at American cleaners, found a trailer for $200.00 he wanted to buy but didn't have the money. He told me aobut it and we bought it and moved it to the lake. It was the first mobile home in Winder and was first located across the road in front of Ben Hill's store on May Street and then moved to Russel Town. We bought it from Evelyn Thomas and used it until we bought a larger one from Mr. Juanhan. I bought the lot from Thomas Collins and we put it near the lake on part of both lots that Thomas bought at the sale. When we retired in 1974, we bought a two bed room mobile home from Zelma's sister, Lonnie Mae Wood.

Later Tom Collins was transferred from Gainesville to Athens and wanted to sell his lots. I bought them and later traded them for a lot next to two lots we already had. I cleaned it off and made a garden, put out some apple trees and blueberry bushes, and had a good garden for several years. I brought leaves and pine straw from the woods and built up the land and ran water from the well to keep the garden watered. In 1985, we sold the two lots that the mobile homes were on and had a four room house with a full basement built on the lower end of the lot that the garden was on. The men startd on the house in January 1985 and we moved the things from the mobile homes to the new house that last of April.

Back when we put the first mobile home on the lake, we built a dock with barrels under it. We got some 2x4 oak boards twelve feet long and built a platform and put barrels under it. Zelma's niece, her husband, and her girls helped get the lumber and barrels down to the lake. We used the dock for awhile, but the Core of Engineers outlawed docks with barrels and had to use fiafoam instead of barrels. We got Martin Boat Dock

Company to build us a dock our of metal with fiafoam under it and we are still using it. We bought a pontoon boat and made several trips to Gainesville Marina and back. The last trip we made there, Frances and the children were with us. On the way back, the belt broke that runs from the steering wheel to the motor and I had to get back near the motor and steer it manually. After that, the pontoons began to leak and I got fiafoam and put under it. We used it for a dock. I took the motor off and sold it. We bought a paddle boat and used it for awhile. The pontoons began to leak. They had water in them and I didn't know it. Robbie Tillman and I turned over in it and I traded it.

When we retired in 1974 in June, we went to Richmond, Va. to see Annie, my youngest sister.We had never visited them before. When Bill, Annie's husband, introduced me to one of his friends, he said that I was his brother-in-law from Ga. who was too busy trying to make a living to take time to visit. Bill carried us to the Capital and to Williamsburg, Va. We stayed several days. Bill died July 14, 1974. We went back to his funeral and Mary, Ira Lewis and sis wife, went with us. We didn't get to go to Annie's funeral she died Dec. 1977 and it was so cold we could not make the trip. Just before Davis died, March 5, 1973, he sent for me and told me how much he appreciated what I did for him.

We have been retired fourteen years and I have enjoyed every minute of it except in 1985 when I had my operation. I would tell people that I worked in the garden until I got tired, then go fish awhile until the fish quit biting, and then go back to gardening.

Our daughter was born back in 1935, on April 2 she had married Grady Franklin Shumake on Sept. 12, 1954. Earnest Shumake, Franklin's father, and I became very close. We had lots in common. We were both born in Jefferson, Ga. We were both left handed and both had birthdays in April. Since our daughter, Frances, has an April birthday also we clelbrated our birthdays together. Every Easter we had an Easter egg hunt for the children in our backyard.

Frances and Franklin had 2 girls and 1 boy: Marsha Joyce Shumake, born June 28, 1957, Jan Marie Shumake, born Feb. 21, 1960, and Stephen Franklin Shumake, born Oct. 26, 1961.

I have 3 great grand children: Daniel Phillip Butler, born April 4, 1982, Marie Elizabeth Butler, born April 10, 1984, and Sara Frances Witherington, born Jan 24, 1987.

I would tease Franklin about Jefferson. I told him that Crawford W. Long discovered ether and put Jefferson to sleep and it has never woken up. Dr. Long was the first physician to use ether for surgical anaesthetic in an operation which took place in Jefferson on March 30, 1842. Jefferson was asleep and let Winder build on one side and Commerce on the other side. I told him that the first ten years of my life should not count because I had to live in Jefferson until I was ten years old.

John Lewis Elder, my grandfather, had a gold watch that he wanted used as an Elder heirloom. He wanted it passed down to the youngest son of each generation, so he gave it to his youngest son which was my father. Mother gave it to me to keep for Paul until he got out of the Army. I gave it to Paul. He knew that it was an heirloom that was to be passed down to his youngest son and keep it in the generation. He did not have a son. Davis' son, John, should get it and pass it down to his youngest son and keep it in the Elder family. But Paul did not give it to John, he gave it to Elmer Joe Hardigree.

Paul was three years old when Father died. We all helped him finish high school and take a business course. I helped him get a job at Carwood Manufacturing Company. He made good. He was in charge of a branch of Carwood. When he had to leave to go in the Air Force he made a pilot. When he left to go overseas, he left from the Air Force base in Charleston, S.C. I was living in Charleston working at the Navy Yard and he brought his car and wanted me to keep it for him until he got back. I went in the swamp, cut some poles, got a tarpaulin, and made a shelter against the house. I bought some paint and painted the car to keep the rust from eating it up.

Paul served as a pilot in the Air Force and when he had made his missions over Germany, 20 or more, he was sent home to furlough before being sent to Valifornia as a training pilot. He was in an accident. He, a friend, and two girls had been to a picture show in Athens. On the way home a transfer truck hit them, and knocked the car off the road into a tree and busted his eardrums. He was never the same. He could not hear. He had to learn to read lips and he was in and out of a government hospital the rest of his life. He was at Bay Pines, Florida, near Miami, until they closed the hospital there and then he moved to the government hospital in Milledgeville, Ga. He was an out-patient at the hospital and some weekends he would come to our sister's, Mary Hardigree, house near Winder for the weekend. He was there September 20, 1987, when he had a heart attack and passed away.

Just before Father died, I promised him that I would help take car of Mother and the children any time that one of them came to me for help. I would do all I could to help them. When we all left home, Mother was renting her little farm to share croppers and wasn't getting enough rent to pay her taxes, so she wanted me to help her sell the place. We sold it for $4,000.00. She put the money in the bank at 4% interest. Later, two men in Winder wanted me to help them start a dry cleaning plant in Buford. I borrowed the money from Mother and paid her 4% on the money until she passed away March 1, 1965. I then divided the $4,000.00 between us eight children and I gave my part to Mary, the oldest sister, for taking care of Mother during her last days. Davis and Annie gave Mary their share also, but the others kept theirs.

I bought a typewriter on credit at Sears and I was going to try and learn to type in my spare time. I didn't work but 70 or 80 hours a week. Davis and Paul needed a typewriter in their school work, so I gave it to them and I am still writing with my left hand.

For several years, we would have a birthday dinner in our backyard in October for Mrs. Bently, Zelma's mother. One time, John Kelley, who had a funeral home on the corner of Broad and Kimball Street, was eating with us and had just about finished eating when he had a call to pick up someone. When he left, he said he had always heard people talk about eating and running, but this was the first time it had happened to him.

Another time, Thomas Brewer, one of Mrs. Bentley's son-in-laws, had a pig that we barbecued in our back yard. We cooked it Saturday night. Thomas and Morris Bentley stayed up all night and Zelma made some Luzianne coffee. They drank coffee all night and Morris said he didn't sleep for a week. About twelve o'clock I got sleepy and went in to go to bed. Ludie, Thomas's wife, had gotten sleepy and Zelma told her to lay down on our bed. I didn't know she was in the bed and I started to get in the bed and Ludie turned over and said, "This is not Zelma." I had to sleep on the couch.

Mother died March 1, 1965. Mrs. Bentley died in 1977. John Davis died March 5, 1973. William Arthur Stephens died July 14, 1974. Earnest Shumake died November 25, 1976. Dock Hardigree died September 11, 1977. Annie Elder Stephens died December 19, 1977. Ora Bell Williams died December 9, 1986. Paul Elder died September 20, 1987. Ira Lewis died January 25, 1988. Joe Elder died March 7, 1988.

I was named after Uncle Phillip who lived at Sanford, Florida. He was a railroad man and was Postmaster at Sanford. He developed Elder's Springs near Sanford and bottled water and sold it all over Florida.

I have had a lot of nicknames. When we lived in Jefferson, I had a friend, Sam Alexander, that could not talk plain. He called me "Hoop" and some of my brothers and sisters called me "Hoop". When I worked at Carwood, there was a comic strip in the daily paper, "George Bungle", who was always getting in trouble and Bill Young would call me George. Sam Williams, a mechanic I worked with, called me "Philco". Emmet Thornton was with me in the truck when we had a wreck on Wahoo River Bridge and he called me "Eddywau". Some people called me Phil and I have been called Mr. Elder. But the best nickname that I have been called is "Granddaddy". That is what my grandchildren and my great-grandchildren call me. Not many small children can say Phillip.

In 1926, I joined the Oddfellows at Beach Creek Lodge. We had our meetings at Davison's Masonic Lodge. That was the first secret organization I belonged to. Then on February 7, 1935, I joined the Woodman of the World, W.O.W., Lodge no. 1395 in Winder, and joined the Masons on February 29, 1949, Winder Lodge No. 333, F. & A.M.

Zelma joined the W.O.W. and after we retired in 1974, we attended all the state conventions as a delegate. We have one every two years and in the fall, we attended a senior citizen camp at the W.O. W. youth camp near Gainesville. We went on several bus tours. We went to New Orleans, the Grand Ole Opry in Nashville, Tennessee, The World's Fair in Nashville and the Loretta Lynn Ranch all before I got too old to travel.

When we moved here on Kimball Street, I put out some fruit trees, fig bushes, scuppernong vines and all the fruit trees are gone except one pear tree. The fig bushes and scuppernong vines are still living. I built a small chicken house and pen and raised chickens. There was a chicken hatchery in Winder then and they would have some small chickens. They would give them to people to raise. I bought a brooder from Sears and put it in the basement and kept them in it for two weeks. Then, moved them out to the pen.

I raised turkeys one year and raised laying hens and pheasants. I raised pheasants and would dress them and put them in the ice house until we were ready to use them.

Mr. Henry Peskin had someone raising pheasants for him and one year they had planned to have pheasants for a party of some kind. The man that was raising pheasants for him let them got out of the pen. He found out that I had some in the ice house and wanted to borrow some from me. He said he would pay them back when they raised some more. I let him have them, but never got any back.

In June, 1985 I had a colostomy operation. While I was in the hospital, I got a lot of get well cards and my wife would put them on the wall in the room. I would count them and see how many I got each day and see how many were alike. The walls were about full of cards. One day a young doctor was going by and saw the cards. He came in and said, "You must have a lot of friends." I said, "Yes sir, I have lots of friends and I have outlived all my enemies."

When our preacher came to see me, I told him that they liked to have scared me to death when they told me I had to have a sigmoid colostomy and would have to make me a stoma. I didn't know what they were talking about. I said if they had used naughty boy language and told me that they were going to cut out my asshole and make me a new one, I would have known what they were talking about.

When I went to Dr. Anderson for a test to see if I had any polyps in my colon, I told him that I broke on of the instructions he gave me. He said not to put anything in my mouth after twelve o'clock last night, but I did. This morning, I put my teeth in my mouth. He and the nurse laughed.

In October 1985, I blacked out, fell and broke my nose. I had to have it set. I had a prostrate gland operation at the same time.

Our minister is C. Don Manning, First Christian Church 604 N. Fifth Ave. Winder, Ga. 30680. He came to Winder Ga. in 1967 and has done a fine job as minister. He did a lot of hard work in the building of our new church and it is paid for.

I really did appreciate his visit's while I was in the hospital.

I joined the First Christian Church in Jefferson, Ga. and when we moved to Barrow Co. I moved my membership to Chapel Christian Church and when I married and moved to Winder I moved my membership to the First Chastian Church in Winder Ga. I have tried to help with the church work. When I could, I have been a Deacon, a Elder and now I am one of the trustees of the church. The good Lord has been good to me.

My brother, Paul Elder, passed away September 20, 1987. Earlier I mentioned he was at my sister visiting when he died. His will was made to one nephew and one niece. He had three brothers and two sisters and seventeen nieces and nephews. I didn't think it was right that he picked out one nephew and one niece to leave his estate to, so I hired a lawyer to protest the will on the grounds of undue influence exerted upon testator by his confidential relations and prior to and at the making of the will, testator could not clearly review the ties of kinship with his other heirs, that he could be easily influenced bx Elmer Joe Hardigree and Sarah Patrick, that he should leave it to them instead of the other nephews and nieces or his brothers and sisters.

Paul had made a will before this one to one of his great-nephews, and after he studied about it for awhile, he told Paul that it was not right to make the will to just him and he tore up the will.

When Paul and I were in the dry cleaning btsiness together, he wrote me a letter saying that I had papers stating that in the event of his death that I am bereaved certain things regarding the dry cleaning company and to tear up the papers. But he had never given me any such papers.

Bob Adamson asked Elmer Joe and Sarah if they knew what was in the will before they opened it. They said no, but Elmer Joe carried Paul to the lawyer's office when Paul had the will made and when Paul was pronounced dead at the hospital, Ben Patrick, Sarah's husband, said to Elmer Joe, "Let's go get the will." If they did not know what was in the will before they opened it, when they did open it, they should have seen that it was not fair to other heirs, and done like the great-nephew did and tear up the will. But no, they were greedy and wanted it all for themselves.

When Mr. Adamson finished with his case, Mr. Wages asked me if there was anything that I wanted to say. I thought that we paid him to present our case and I had told him that I could not talk about it without getting emotional. Well, I started anyway and got emotional and could not say what I wanted to and had to sit down. Mr. Wages did not say anything. After we left the courthouse, he patted me on the back and said,"You did fine."

I don't blame Paul for what he did, for after his accident, he was not the same as before the accident. But it is hard for me to forgive Elmer Joe for what he has done. After we lost in probate court, I decided not to take it to Superior Court. I would have been tried in Barrow County and a few years ago there was a case in Barrow County Court where the grand jury had indicted a man for killing his wife with a shotgun. The man hired a lawyer in Winder. He picked a jury and proved a dog killed his wife and the lawyer got the man's house. If I carried the case to Superior Court, I would have to face the same group of lawyers that handled the shotgun case and would be spending money for nothing.

I tried to get Elmer Joe and Sarah to compromise and divide the estate between them and Paul's brothers and sisters who are in bad health and need help. But no, they wanted it all for themselves and it is not right. But I learned a long time age, that there are a lot of things in this world that are not right, but can't change them. You just have to learn to live with them.

On the 27th of January, the day Ira Lewis was buried, I woke up with this song on my mind. I had not heard it or thought about it since Davis was in school at Athens sometime in the 1930's and had an operation. While he was in the hospital, I went out in the country to work on a corn mill and sang this song to myself on the way out there and back. I believe that the spirits of the ones passed on are with you on an occasion like this. The words to the song are: Father alone will know all bout it, Father alone will understand why, so cheer up my brother, Live in the sunshine, We'll understand it all by and by.

Here are the 13 signs of How to Know You're Growling Older:

1. Everything hurts and what doesn't hurt doesn't work.
2. Your "Little Black Book" contains only names ending in M.D.
3. You get winded playing checkers.
4. You join a health club and don't go.
5. You're still chasing women but can't remember why.
6. You look forward to a dull evening.
7. You turn out the lights for economic reasons rather than romantic reasons.
8. You sit in a rocking chair and can't get it going.
9. Your knees buckle and your belt won't.
10. Dialing long distance wears you out.
11. Your back goes out more than you do.
12. Your pacemaker makes the garage door go up when you watch a pretty girl go by.
13. You sink you teeth into a steak and they stay there.

I am 82 years old. I am bald and gray. I got store bought eyes, store bought teeth, and don't dance like I use to. And I have some advice for the younger generation: Eat right. Drink right. Think right. Live right. Never hurry and never worry and you will live to a ripe old age. Also, keep your house locked. It won't keep out thieves, but it will keep from making thieves out of honest people.

Uncle Jilmy House told me that every man has his price. What would buy one man might not buy another. But if temptation was strong enough, every man would fall. Here is some more advice: Buy a cheap house as soon as you can. Don't pay rent and later you can get a better house. Get on cash basis as soon as you can and stop buying on credit. If you have a credit card you are paying high interest. If you are on a cash basis, you can save money and let people pay you interest. I have never had a credit card.

For several years, McDonalds Restaurant in Winder let senior citizens play Bingo every Thursday morning from nine until ten. We had around thirty people every time. We really enjoyed it.

Let me tell you how I became interested in gardens. When we lived in Clermont there was a Mrs. Lockhart that had a garden next to ours and when she planted Irish potatoes she would drop them and turn the eyes up and then step on each potato before she covered them with dirt. When we moved to Barrow County each year after Christmas, as soon as the ground was dry enough to plaw, Mother would get me to plow her garden, lay off the rows, and go to the barn and get some manure to put in the rows. The rows would than be ready to plant in the spring. When she planted beans she would turn each bean seed with the eye down. After seven or eight days the seeed would come up. The roots come out of the eye and pushed the bean right up. But if you just drop the bean the ones that fell on their side, well, the roots would have to turn the beans halfway over to push the bean up and it takes longer to come up. If the bean fell with the eye up it would not come up at all.

When we lived in the corner of Grifeth and Stephens Street in 1934 and 1935 I had a good garden and raised a hog and fed it scraps from the table and some hog feed. It got so fat it could not stand up. It was the last hog I raised.

When we lived in the house with Mr. and Mrs. Bentley I didn't have a job so I went out in the country at Mothers and made a crop. I would walk out there Monday morning and walk back on the weekend. The next garden I had was when we lived in Hazelwood, North Carolina. I had a garden at Mrs. Whitiner, the lady I boarded with before we moved to N.C. I had a good garden, the land was rich and rocky.

When we moved back to Winder on Kimball Street, I put out some fruit trees: 3 peach, 2 pears, 1 plum, 1 crabapple, 1 cherry, 7 apple, 5 fig bushes, and 8 grape and scuppernong vines. When I was putting them out our daughter, Frances, asked me how long it would be before we had nay fruit to eat. I told her that it would be about 2 or 3 years. She said, "The fruit won't do us any good. We will be gone." We had been moving alot. But I fooled her. We haven't moved yet! After the fruit trees died I made a garden where the fruit trees were. I laid off rows five feet apart. I had twelve rows. I got a shovel and took the soil off each row one at a time. Then took a pick and dug up the clay. Then mixed compose with the soil and put it back in the clay. Then I made raised beds. In the middle of each row I would take the shovel and throw the soil on the bed. Then put leaves in the middle to walk on and let me work the rows from both sides. Each fall I would throw old leaves from the middle on the row and put new leaves in the middle of each row.

Some crops I would plant two rows on a bed and some crops instead of planting them the length of the row. I would plant them across the bed. You get more plants on the bed that way. For my tomatos I would make hills three feet apart. I would dig a hole two feet square and two feet deep with a posthole digger and put compose in the bottom of the hole and a handful of lime, them put the soil back.

After I had my operation in 1985, I haven't been able to garden like I did before the operation. The last few years I just had a few tomato plants and a few watermelons and cantaloupes. This year I plan to plant a few English peas and have a few tomato plants. I have a wire frame I ordered a few years ago. It is two feet square and four feet high. I put compose in the frame and set out four tomato plants on the outside of the frame and tie the plants to the wire. This year I have made two more frames for my tomatos. I was taught that if you had something that you did not need, don't throw it away, save it and you will find a use for it within seven years. This year I found two screen window frames and some heavy gauge wire and made two more frames.

When I was able to garden I had two compost bins. I would save all of our leaves in the fall and get my neighbors leaves after they had raked them up into piles for the trash man. I would go out in the country and get some cow manure and mix it with the leaves and put it in the compost bin and use the compost next spring. I didn't use any chemical fertilizer. I had an organic mix and for one batch of fertilizer I would use 15 tea cups of basic mix, 2 cups of sulfer phosphate, and 2 ccups of Muriate of Potash and I put 1 batch of this for a 50 foot furrow. For dry side dressing I would use 15 tea cups of basic mix, 2 cups of ammonium sulfate.

When I made my garden at the lake I found some horse manure mixed with shavens and put it on my garden. I got some feed sacks from a friend in the country. I would fill the sacks with the manure and haul it in our station wagon. We have a granddaughter that likes to garden and they lived at a place where the backyard was shady and no place for a garden. so I carried my tiller over there and plowed up a place in their front yard and made a bed four feet wide and about forty feet long I put cow manure and bone meal on the bed before I plowed it up. They had a good garden. One of the neighbors across the street came over and said he had never seen anyone but colored people have a garden in their front yard. But they enjoyed it.

When I lived in Jefferson we had a teacher that moved there from a city and had never had a garden before. He turned his cow in the garden to eat the grass out of the corn.

I have a neighbor that I helped learn how to garden. I told him about turning the eye of a bean down. He turned the eye down the first year. Then the next year he forgot what I told him and he turned the eyes of his beans up and none of his beans came up.

I like to plant when the sign is right. Some people laugh at me abott planting when the sign is right, but it doesn't hurt - I think it helps!

If you want to gn by the signs to plant your garden you can get a book, God's Way, based on the 12 signs of the Zodiac and the word of God. It gives the correct signs and dates for planting, business, fishing, hunting and one hundred other things. It's the world's most complete and correct planting guide published by T.E. Black, P.O. Box 785, Andalusia, Alabama, Price $3.00.

Since I started writing this I wake up in the morning with something on my mind that I had not thought about in years. These are some of them:

When we lived on the farm, we would work Saturday morning and go to town Saturday afternoon. Most everybody went to town on Saturday afternoon. We didn't have a car and we let the mule rest on the weekend. Ira Lewis and myself would go with one of our neighbors to town. They had a car. One Saturday, we were in a hurry getting ready to go. I only had a five dollar bill. It was all the money I had. I had it in my overall pocket. I forgot to get it when I changed clothes and started off without it. I went back in the house and picked up a pair of overalls. I thought they were mine, but they were Ira Lewis's and I got what I thought was my five dollar bill. We went on into town. I went to Conrad Will's Barber Shop to get a hair cut and when I went to pay him, instead of a five dollar bill, I had a book of cigarette leaves. Ira Lewis was slipping and smoking. He didn't want Mother to know about it. I told Conrad what had happened and he said I could pay him the next time I came to town.

One Saturday afternoon, instead of going to town, Hoke and Charles House, Ira Lewis and myself went to Tallacy Bridge on the Mulberry River. There were some rocks below the bridge and we would play in the water and grabble for fish under the rocks. We caught some fish. It was about ten miles or more from home. We walked there and back. Allen Carrington lived on the Jefferson Highway and was having a party that night and we were planning to go. When we got home, we dressed the fish and Mother cooked them for us. I got ready and walked to the party, but the other boys stayed home and went to bed.

After I married, Conrad Wells, the barber, two more men and I went sailing at Tallacy Bridge. Zelma had given me a ring and I lost it that day sailing and didn't wear a ring until just before Christmas 1986. Brookshire Jewelry Store was going out of business and had a sale. Zelma bought me another ring and I am wearing it now.

Another time, I hooked a gar. There were several people fishing from the bridge and the gar tangled all their lines. I carried it over near the bank and a boy there on the bridge had a rifle. He was going down the bank to shoot it, but the gar broke the line and got away.

Zelma and I celebrated our fiftieth anniversary in April 1981, at First Christian Church in Winder.

When Lonzo Jackson and I roomed together, Ruenell Jones was boarding at Mrs. Bentley's. Lonzo was going with her and I was going with Zelma. Lonzo didn't have a car, so we rented a car from John Carrington one Sunday and went to Amicalola Falls State Park.

Lonzo's parents were raised in Lumpking County above the falls. We went to the top of the falls, left the car at the top, and walked to the bottom of the falls and back. We cut our initials on a tree and over twenty years later, we were back at the park and our initials were still on the tree.

I had a date most every Saturday night. We would go to the picture show and a dance. They were having dances over Lay's Wholesale Store every Thursday night. That is where I met Zelma. Nannelle Wood was boarding at Mrs. Bentley's and George Kesler was going with her so George, Nannelle, Zelma, and I would go to dances together.

When Frances and Franklin married, Franklin was preaching at Statham. One Sunday afternoon, he was to preach at Bishop and we went with them. When we got there, the Elder of the church met us and thought I was the preacher because Franklin looked so young. He and Frances both were still in school at Georgia University. When Franklin finished school at Georgia, they moved to Perryville, Kentucky. He had a church there and went to school. When they moved, Franklin and I both rented a U - Haul and moved their things.

When Joy was born, Zelma went ot Perryville and stayed awhile. When we closed the cleaners for the week of the Fourth of July, we went to Perryville and stayed all week. I built a barbecue grill out of concrete blocks and dug up a place in the back yard and put out some tomato plants. I tried to get Franklin interested in gardening, but he wasn't interested in gardening or fishing which is my hobby. He did go hunting with us on Thanksgiving for several years. Alva Ray and Milven Shumake, Franklin and I would go hunting. Sometimes we would go near Nickelos where Alva was raised. One time, we found a coon in a bed and one time Alva and two girls went with us, Vicky and Cathy. sometimes, we would go near Chestnut Mountain. One time when we went to Chestnut Mountain, Alva killed a fox and he saved the tail.

Mrs. Shumake wanted Franklin to be a preacher. But after he preached awhile, he wanted to get into education. He quit preaching and started teaching school. I told him that I thought what the schools should teach is respect and responsibility and then they would get the reading, writing, and arithmetic. When they mixed the schools, Franklin said it would pull the blacks' standard of living up to the whites' standard of living, but it went the other way. The whites' standard of living went down to the standard of living of the blacks, people living together, not married, and the ones that married, leave their wives and children.

One Fourth of July, Zelma had to work and I carried Frances, Franklin, Elsie and Howard Austin to the copper mine on the Chestatee River. One the way back, we stopped at a store where the three counties came together: Hall, White, and Lumpkin. Elsie bought some candy and the man asked her if she wanted it put in a poke. Elsie didn't know what he was talking about and just stood there grinning. I told him to put it in a poke. He called a paper bag a poke.

Just before Frances finished high school, one Saturday, Zelma, Frances, Mary Joe Hopkins, and Shirley Robinson went to Gainesville shopping. Zelma fixed some sandwiches and we went to Wauka Moutain and had a picnic on top of the mountain. Coming down the mountain, Shirley had on shoes with no heels and kept falling down. She fell down so many times that she sat down and cried.

Our daughter was born April 2, 1935, Frances Ann Elder. She married Franklin Shumake September 12, 1954. They have two girls and one boy:

Marsha Joyce, born June 28, 1957
Jane Marie, born February 21, 1960
Stephen Franklin, born October 26, 1961

Our great-grandchildren are:
Daniel Phillip Butler, born April 4, 1982
Marie Butler, born April 10, 1984
Sara Witherington, born January 24, 1987

When the grandchildren would come to the cleaners, the first place they would go was to the clothes basket that we took the clothers from the dryer. Sometimes people would leave change in their pockets and I would leave it in the basket for them to find. Sometimes I would put some change in the basket myself.

Marsha Joyce Shumake was born June 28, 1957, while Frances and Franklin were living in Perryville, Kentucky, and Jan Marie Shumake was born February 21, 1960, while they lived onTilson Road. Stephen Franklin Shumake was born October 26, 1961, while they lived on Kirksford Drive in Decatur. They lived in Athems, Ga. from 1962-1969. They moved to Rocking Chair Lane, in Stone Mountain, in 1964. They bought their first home on Kirksford Drive and rented it out while they lived in Athens. In 1964, they sold it and bought the home on Rocking Chair Lane.

When we retired January, 1974, Frances had to have an operation for a slipped disc. We came and stayed with Joy, Jan, and Stephen while Frances was in the hospital. Franklin was teaching at Tallulah Falls. I had not driven in Atlanta in a long time adn I had to learn how to drive inAtlanta again. I carried Zelma to the hospital and back each day and carried the children to school. We would go back to Winder every two or three days to check on things at home.

On Thanksgiving, 1973, we had just bought our 1973 Station Wagon and we all went to Callaway Gardends. Our Station Wagon has two seats in the back that araised up and Jan and Stephen rode back there. That is the only time the seats have been used. We stopped at a restaurant and had a turkey dinner.

Franklin preached at the First Christian Church of Winder from February 28, 1958, when Rev. J. Emmett Moore went to the First Church of Gainesville, Florida, until September, 1958, when Rev. David C. Rogers came to Winder from Burlinton, North Carolina. Franklin, Frances, and Joy lived in winder in 1958. Franklin was going to school in Athens.

My name is Phillip Elder I had an uncle his name was Phillip Elder. He was a railroad man adn traviled a lot. And I have a cousin living in Macon, Ga. his name is PHillip Elder. He is a railroad man and he travels a lot, so the name Phillip Elder has been around.

When Mrs. Bentley, my wife's mother, was in the nursing home one of her cousins came to see her and was asking about her children. She told about them and said one of her daughters married Phillip Elder . "You know him don't you?",she said. "I don't think I do", Mrs. Bentley said. Well I thought every body knew Phillip Elder.

**Remember,**

1. No one gets out of this world alive.
2. Resolve, therfore, to maintain a sense of values.
3. Take care of yourself. Good health is everyone's major source of wealth. Without it, happiness is virtually impossible.
4. Resolve to be cheerful and helpful. People will repay in kind. Avoid zealots. They are generally humorless.
5. Resolve to listen more and talkless. No one ever learns anything by talking.
6. Be careful of giving advice. Wise men don't need it and fools won't heed it.
7. Resolve to be tender with the young, compassionate with the aged, sympathetic with the starving and tolerant of the week and wrong. Sometimes in life, you will have been all of these.
8. Do not associate money with success. The world abounds with big money makers who are miserable failures as human beings.
9. What counts most about success is how a person achieves it.

So I am closing with this prayer I learned while I was Chaplain at Winder Lodge No. 333 F.S.A.M. and it was taken from the Bible:

Lord God, Thou knowest our downsitting and our uprising, and understandeth our every thought afar off. Shield and defend us from the evil intentions of our enemies. Support us from the trials and afflictions we are destined to endure while traveling through this veil of tears. Man that is born of women is few days and full of trouble. He cometh forth like a shadow and fadeth not. His days are numbered. Turn from him that he shall accomplish as a hireling his day. There is hope of a tree, if cut down, its tender branches shall not cease. But man driest and wasted away. Ye man givest up the ghost and where is he, as the water from the sea dries up and the floods fade away. Have compassion on thy creation and at last save us with an everlasting salvation. Amen.

## MRS. ELDER'S STORY

My father's name is Willoughby John Galvin Bentley. All his brothers and sisters had three names. My mother had only one name Elsie Brooks. Her mother was a Whitly before her marriage. Father's mother's name was Frances Caroline. My mother's mother's name was Joe Emma Brooks. My father bought our home in Walton County Five Miles east of Loganville, Georgia, thirteen or fourteen miles west of Winder, Georgia, Highway 81 in 1898 or 1899

This is my brother's and sister's names:

Morris Calvin Bentley
Ora Bell Bentley Williams
Ludie Lois Bentley Brewer
Lamar C. Bentley
Zelma Frances Bently Elder
Lonie Mae Bentley Wood
Harry Raymon Bentley
John Ralph Bentley

Our mother lost her first baby, a boy, not named. He is buried at Ray Creek Church near Loganville with two more of our brothers. Alton was between Lamar and Ludie. He was two years old when he passed away. Roy Dean was her last baby. He passed away in 1918 with the flu. I remember him. I was eight or nine years old. Our father bought our home in 1899. Morris was the baby. Ora Bell was born there in 1900. All of us were born there. Back then, the doctor would come to your home. I was born February 22, 1909. Our home had six rooms, two rooms upstairs, a large front yard, a porch on the front from one end to the other, and two porches on the back. The house was white with green shutters on the outside, a large kitchen and dining room together, and had a wood cook stove. In our mother's and father's bedroom was an open fireplace, a table to gret our school work lessons up. One night I was given our spelling. The word was cow. Lamar said fox cow. We have remembered that for a long time.

We did not have electricity. No one in the county did. No radio. No cars. We had one buggy, one carriage, one wagon, one horse and one mule. There was no water in the house. We had a well and had to draw our water by hand. There was no bathroom and we had to use a tub to take a bath. In the summer we went barefoot. At night, we sat on the back steps to wash our feet. we had a wash house at the well and had to wash all our clothes by hand. We had a scrub board to rub the clothes on and a stump to put the dirty clothes on to batter with a paddle to get the dirt out. There was a large black pot out in the open with a fire around it to boil the white clothes in. We had to draw lots of water.

In the winter, our mother would cook cornbread in the dutch oven in the fireplace. We would sit around the fire and eat cornbread and milk. It was good. I still like cornbread and milk. She baked sweet potatoes.

In winter when it was cold, our mother would warm a small blanket at the fireplace to wrap our feet in. We did not have heat in our bedrooms. The boys had a bedroom and the girls had a bedroom. I slept with Ora Bell and Lonie Mae with Ludie.

We all worked in the fields. Our mother worked in the fields. We helped plant cotton, chop cotton and pick cotton. We had corn, syrup cane, and home made syrup. Our Uncle Willie Bentley had a syrup mill in the woodland at our house. All the neighbors would bring their cane.

We had a bigh woodland across from the road in the front of our house. Late in the afternoon, we had to bring in wood for the cook stove. Water had to be brought to the house.

We had two cows. I milked one when I was nine or ten years old and our mother would milk one. We had to churn by hand for the buttlermilk. In the summer, we let the milk down part of the way in the well to keep it cool.

We had a large front yard. Every summer we had to sweep the yard with a dogwood brushbroom. We had a mop make of corn shucks to use on the kitchen floor. We did not have rugs or carpet on the floor.

We had lots of fruit trees in the summer. We would cut off peaches and apples to can and dry. We had pecan trees and one big hickory nut tree in the woodland across the road in front of our house. My mother made lots of fried pies. We had plenty to eat - lots of dried fruits and canned things for the winter.

Sometimes for breakfast, we had fish or chicken. We had a country store near our house. The neighbors would bring eggs to the store in exchange for things they wanted in the store.

When Ora Bell was in her teens she had typhoid fever. I remember the doctor telling my mother to put some cut up onions in a dish beside her bed on the floor. The germs will go to the onions.

When I was seven or eight years old, I fell off the bed and broke one of the bones in my right leg. It rose later and had to be opened. The doctor came and they put me on the front porch of the store. They did not give me anything. Johnny Carter, our neighbor, was there. He put his hat in front of my face. I remember the blood went everywhere. I was lucky to live with that. The Lord had been good to me.

I had a new pair of black patten leather slippers. I wore one of them until my leg got better. I was the only one who had a broken bone.

Our mother had a garden every year. She had all kinds of vegetables. She raised eight children and I never heard one at the table say they didn't like that. When we worked in the fields we would be hungry. Everything was good. She made what we ccalled light bread. She had yeast in it. When it was on in the kitchen to rise, we did not go in the kitchen. It was too hot with butter.

One Fourth of July, all the neighbors went to the river. The men seine the river and a net got the fish. The women took chicken, cakes and pies. They cooked the fish and the chicken.

We lived about one mile from the Alcova River. On Saturday, our mother would walk Raymon, Ralph, Lonie Mae and myself to fish. I remember catching my first fish there. The state built a new bridge on the river near us. The day it was finished, our father took Mother, Raymon, Ralph, Lonie Mae and myself in the carriage. He took one case of Coca Cola to give to the convicts. We were the first ones to cross the bridge. The men in prison all had on black and white striped pants. Some had chains on thier feet.

Our mother made all our clothes - our dresses and our underwear. When we were little, our dresses were long half way over our knees to our feet. We didn't know what shorts were in the summer.

Our mother worked hard. We all did. When Morris was eighteen, he went to Winder to work in an overall plant.

Our mother made all our quilts from all the pieces left from our dresses. All the neighbors would help each other to make quilts. I learned to make a quilt.

When we were small at Christmas, we would hang our stockings up. Lonie Mae and myself would get a doll, fruit and stick candy. The boys would get cap busters, fire crackers, fruit and candy.

We would get up early - by five o'clock. We had lots of chickens. They were outside in the yard and we had to gather eggs every evening before dark.

At Christmas, Ora Bell and Ludie helped our mother to make cakes. We had three or four cakes for Christmas.

We had lots of company in the summer. We would go to see mother's sister, Aunt Jettie and Uncle Luther Watson and also to see Aunt Estell and Uncle Levie Watson.

We lived near the school. It was a one room school with one teacher and no bus then. some of the children walked three or four miles. The school had a big wood heater in the middle that burned wood. Lots of the children had to bring their lunch and some went home for lunch.

A church near our house is still there. We went to Sunday School on Sunday afternoon. The church was a universalian church. We had service there once a month. Our parents did not want us to be a member there. In the summer, we had singing school there. ( Mr. Thompson)

One time when the fair was in Winder, we came one day in the carriage. Mother and Father, Lonie Mae, Raymon and Ralph. We had picked cotton for some of our neighbors and we had some money! We had a ride on the merry-go-round, got a whip ball and some things to play with.

We had an organ. I learned to play and Ora Bell and Ludie learned to play the organ. Papa went to a sale one day at someone's house that was selling out. He bought a turning table and chairs. Ludie has the table and I have four of the chairs.

When Ora Bell went to work in Winder, she would come home on weekends. She made me lots of dresses.

I remember seeing my first car and airplane. We played ball at school called town ball played like baseball. We played games like dropping the handkerchief and jumping rope. Our school house was near some woods. We made play houses in the woods with pine straw. At home, we had play houses under the apple tree.

We had hogs to kill in the fall when it was cold. We had good ham and sasuage. We used a small house back of our home to keep the meat in.

Our Grandma Bentley lived with Uncle Vernie. Wvery year, we go there for her birthday or reunion. I have a picture made there when I was eight or nine years old. We still have the reunion; for fifty years we have met at Ray Creek Church.

We have lots of cousins. I was named Frances after Grandmother Bentley. They did not call me Frances. I had lots of cousins named Frances.

When I was eleven or twelve, I went to Loganville School one fall. I was with Grandmother Garrett.

After Christmas, we moved to Winder in 1920 to South Broad. The home is still there. We went to Winder School on Athens Street and Church Street. The school burned later. We then moved to Athens Street not far from the school. my mother had boarders living with us and working some of the people. (Hubert Adams, Daniel Watson, our cousin, Delmas Watson, Bessie Lee Watson Mobley, Minnie McDonald, Lynch Jewell Coffer, Runnell Jones, Nannell Wood, Louise Bowman Austin - not all of them were with us at one time. We had boarders for several years. We lived two years onAthens Street. We moved back to South Broad.

When I was sixteen, I went to work at the Bell Grande Manufacturing Company. They mad overalls. I had a machine. The first week I made three dollars. I gave it to mother to help buy groceries with.

One summer, a friend of ours, Alva Wallace, Lonie Mae and myself went on the train to Chattanooga, Tennessee. Alva had a cousin there. We went to Lookout Mountain and went on the incline up to the top then down.

I went with Lawanda Doster on the train to Atlanta one weekend to see a friend of hers, Effie Kennedy, now Breazeale. We are still friends Effie lives in Chattanooga, Tennessee. Her husband is not living. I hope she can come and live with us.

I walk every Sunday to the First Christian Church to Sunday School and Church.

I joined the Christian Church when I was seventeen. Rev. John Wood baptized me in the church on Chandler Street. The church is not there now. He also married Phillip and me.

When I was eighteen or nineteen Ora Bell taught me to embroidery. She got a white sheet and put the designs on it. We used it for a bedspread. I made two. I have one of them now. She also taught me to crochet. I made one before Frances was born and one later. I still have them. I have a tablecloth I crocheted.

Ora Bell made me a pongee dress when I was nineteen or twenty. She hand painted flowers on the skirt in front. It was pretty. I always enjoy wearing the dress.

Our father worked at the Bell Grade Manufacturing Company. He folded overalls. Later I left the Bell Grade Manufacturing Company and went to work at the Wimco upstairs in front of the courthouse. Later, Mr. Perry built a new building for the Wimco where Red Parker's Garage is now. When I worked there, I had a ride with Mrs. Greeson. I walked sometimes almost two miles.

They were having a square dance in Winder upstairs over Peskin's Department Store and also in back of a filling station and garage. Our mother and father were going to the dance. They liked ot watch them dance. Runnell Jones was with me. I met Phillip at the dance one night. She met Lonzo Jackson. They got married but did not live together many years. He left her and married someone else. She did not marry again. They are not living now.

I was nineteen when I met Phillip. I dated other boys. I knew Phillip was a good boy. He did not smoke or drink. He told me about his father passing away when he was sixteen. He had his mother and sisters and brothers to help. He helped pay Davis, Annie and Paul through Winder School.

We went together for four years. I was twenty-two when we got married and he was twenty-six. We went to lots of dances in four years. We also went to movies. In the summer, we would go to the mountains. Phillip would go with me to church on Sunday, or Sunday p.m. we would go to Chapel Church for Sunday School. His mother , we called her Nona, was teaching a Sunday School Class. She was a sweet person and a smart lady. We all loved her.

Later, our father rented a house on Stephens Street in front of Empire Manufacturing Company. I left the Wimco Manufacturing Company and went to work at Georgia Pant Company. Lonie Mae worked there later. I got Raymon and Ralph a job there.

In 1931, April 25, we got married on Saturday at the Christian Church Parsonage on Woodlawn. Rev. John Wood, his wife,and his wife's sister were there. We went to the Robinson Furniture Store and bought a bedroom suit, kitchen cabinet, small table and chairs, and oil cook range.

We had two rooms rented on Broad Street in the house with Mr. and Mrs. Ward. Phillip was driving a bread truck. Mr. Ward was working in the bakery. We lived there only a few months. The bakery closed down and we moved on Park Avenue. We had two rooms with mrs. House. Our mother and father moved to New Street in a two story house. Phillip went back to the country and farmed. I stored our things and stayed with our mother. I was still working at Georgia Pant Company. We did not have a car. Phillip would walk to Winder for the weekend. It was five miles and back.

Later we rented a house on Stephens and Griffeth Streets. Phillip went to work at a corn mill and later went to the Carwood Manufacturing Company. We had two rooms. We rented some room out to Ira Lewis and Fannie Lee. They moved later.

Mr. and Mrs. Gordon lived with us. He passed away while they were there. Georgia Swain had roomed with us. I worked with her at Georgia Pants Company.

I stopped working at Georgia Pants Company Christmas, 1934. Frances was born April 2, 1935. Phillip's Sister Mary Hardigree, was with me. Dr. Randolph was with me. There was no hospital in Winder. We did not have any money to go to a hospital. Phillip's mother came and stayed several weeks with us.

That year, somd lots were for sale on Griffeth Street. I had saved one hundred dollars. We bought two lots for one hundred dollars that year (1935). There was a house for sale on King Street. We bought it and did not pay anything down. I think it was twelve hundred dollars. We werd on King Street when Frances was one year old. I had a birthday party for her. My mother and father moved in the house with ts. I went to work for Carwood Manufacuring Company. Phillip was working there.

When Frances was eighteen months old, my father passed away. Later, my mother went to live with Lonie Mae and Jack. Myrtie Bentley, my cousin, came and stayed with Frances. Later, Zelma Jones Bentley, my cousin, came to live with us. We gave her two rooms rent free to keep Frances when I was working.

Zelma had two girls in school, Rebecca, we called her Speck, and Helen Grace. Zelma is not living,but her daughters are.

When Frances was four, I went on a school bus from Walton County to New York's World Fair in 1939 with Virginia Brewer Reid. We had a good trip.

When Virginia was a little girl, she would come in the summer to visit with us. I have taken Frances and ride a bus to Monroe then get a bus to Atlanta to see my sister, Ludie and Thomas Brewer, near Loganville. She was my first niece. she has a brother, Inman Brewer. I love them like my children.

In 1939, someone wanted to buy our lots onGriffeth Street. We found one for sale on the corner of Stephens and Park Avenue. We sold our lots on Griffeth Street and bought one on Stephens.

In 1940, we had a house built. Frances was five years old. I had a birthday party for her every year until she was sixteen years old. She had some girl friends over for the weekend. We had pictures made.

In 1941, Phillip went to Charleston, South Carolina, to work in the Navy Yard. Phillip's mother (we called her Nona) cale to live with us. Phillip's sister, Annie and her baby, Mary Jane, came to live with us. They were from Hawaii. They had to leave when Pearl Harbor was hit.

Dorothy Hardigree Mobly lived with us when we were on Stephens Street. she was in school and was with Frances after school. We enjoyed her with us.

In 1942, we went to Charleston. We rented our house to a Mrs. Finch and her daughter, Nell. Annie and Mary Jane went to Pennsylvania to Bill's people. Later they went back to Hawaii.

Frances was in the third grade in South Carolina. I din't like where we lived. We had to ride a bus. We moved back 1943.

In 1944, Phillip went to work in Hazelwood, North Carolina. We sold our home to Morris Bentley, my brother. We bought a home in North Carolina. It wa a pretty house. I didn't like it there because there was a lot of snow there in the winter. Phillip didn't like his foreman he was working with. We sold our home there. We had to look a long time before we found a house for sale in Winder.

In 1945, we came back to Winder. We are living in the house now. We had to wait three months for it. Mrs. Jarrett, a friend of ours, lived on Stephens Street and let us live with her. I asked her if we did move in, I would buy the groceries, pay the bills and do the cooking and housework. She agreed.

We enjoyed living with her. She was like a mother to us. I will never forget her. she wa good to us. We love her. I learned a lesson from her, when I can help someone I will help. I wish more people were like her.

When we moved back from North Carolina, Frances was in the fifth grade. She was behind the class. Josephine House was her teacher. She helped her on her lunch hour. She made the grade thanks to Josephine House.

Frances started taking piano lessons when she was in the sixth grade from Mrs. Strange. When they started a band, she was in the band. We went to all the ball games to see the band. Frances was in choir in the old church. She would ride the bus to Atlanta on Saturday to take lessons. They had a new organ at the old church. Thomas Collins and Ginger Davis learned to play also.

When we moved back from North Carolina, I worked some at the Empire Manufacturing Company, then went to Bob Maxwell's Superior Manufacturing Company and then to the Bell Grade Manufacturing Compnay in the 1950's. I went to the telephone company and that was before we went dial. We had to say "Number please". We were upstairs over American Dry Cleaners. In a few years, we moved downstairs. I worked all kinds of hours for two years. I worked three days and all night two nights.

Frances finished school in 1953. She made good marks in school, all A's. Billy Robinson and Frances were the two top ones of their class. She started to Georgia when she finished high school. She finished in three years.

When I was at the telephone company, we started a birthday covered dish. Then, we started eating out. Others have joined us. We had three that started, Louise Robinson, Myself (Zelma), and Edith and Pete Harper. We have sixteen or eighteen in our group.

Frances was going with Franklin Shumake before she finished high school. He went to Georgia one year before she did. He was studying to be a minister. He had Watkinsville Church twice a month and Statham Church twice a month.

We gave them a wedding. They had lots of gifts given to them. They both finished Georgia at the same time. We thought he was going to be a good husband for her. You never know what a person will do.

When Frances and Franklin finished Georgia, they went to Perryville, Kentucky. He had a church there and went two years to college in Kentucky. Joy was born there. I went and stayed a week with her. I was working at the telephone company. I came to Atlanta on the train. Phillip met me in Atlanta. We made several trips to see them while they were there. They came back to Georgia whey Joy was one. We always spent Christmas Eve withFrances and family.

When Franklin's mother and father, Ernest and Knoxie, were living, the family would go to their home in Jefferson for Christmas Day. All of them would come to our house on Easter. The children would hunt eggs in the back yard. We all had a good time together.

In the 1950's, I let Lavertus keep children at our house. she used our living room. Later, we had two rooms built onto the side of our house. Lavertus and Mary kept children. Lavertus started keeping children at her house. Mary, Phillip's sister, rented a house.

When I was working at the telephone company, I was fifty years old in October. I had surgery, a tumor in the lower part of my stomach. Dr. Elder, Phillip's brother ,did the strgery. He removed some of my female organs. I got along fine. I went back to work January 1.

I worked at the telephone company for $40.00 a week and got paid every two weeks. I pad for Frances' college, her clothes, and my clothes. I am glad she finished. I didn't have a chance to get through high school.

I had a lot of friends at the telephone company: Mary Hopkins (she's not living now), I miss her still, her sister Louise Robinson, her sister Pete Harper, Pearl Kennedy, Minnie Holder, Evelyn Thomas, and lots more. I have gone to Florida with some of them.

We went to Florida one time with Emma and Lee Hammontree. We went deep sea fishing and had good luck. We caught red snappers. We brought the fish home. We had a cook unit in our backyard and had friends over. I helped Philip build a cook home in the backyard. He built a fireplace and had lots of cookouts and family reunions.

When I left the telephone company, I kept children. In a few months, I went to the cleaners to help Phillip.

In 1967, I went on a bus trip to a homemakers club convention in Blooming, South Dakota. We were gone three weeks.

We went to Yellow Stone National Park, Salt Lake City. I took off my shoes and went in the water. We saw President Harry Truman's home and went in his library.

One night in Coty, Wyoming, we saw a rodeo and saw the boys riding the bulls. They called out on the loud speaker for the Georgia peaches to stand up. I wish everyone could go to the Yellow Stone National Park. We saw Old Faithful and Mount Rushmore. I did not like the Black Hills in South Dakota.

I will go back to 1959. We were in Gainesville, Georgia, one Sunday with our friends Tom and Mildred Collins. He was going to an auction on the lake Monday. There were lots for sale. I asked him if he would buy one for us. I didn't tell Phillip. Tom bought one for three hundred dollars.

In about two or three months, we went back to see Tom and Mildred. We went out to see the lake. Then, I let Phillip know about the lot. They were building the lake then. Later, Phillip bought one next to ours from Thomas. It had a small trailer near the road. Later, we had one near the lake. We bought it from Mrs. Juahan (she is not living now).

Later my sister had one for sale (Lonie Mae and Jack Wood). We bought it and put it near the other trailer near the lake. Later, we got a pontoon and dock. We liked to fish and have fished a lot at night. Lots of friends spent the night. Frances would bring Joy and Jan and Stephen to the lake. They liked to fish.

We had Marvin and Dot Woga living with us. He was working with the telephone company. They were with us about six months. The ones in Greenville, Ohio, we still write to. We would like to see them. They were good people.

Our mother went to the Russel Nursing Home when she was ninety-shx. Her memories were bad. she was dressing herself. I had her lunch sent to her before she went to the nursing home. I was working at the dry cleaners. After we retired, I went to the nursing home every other day (Monday, Wednesday, Friday), and the other days, Ora Bell went. We had every other Sunday. Ludie, my sister, came once a month to help us out. I made three days a week for three and a half years. We gave her all her meals. She fell off the bed and broke her hip on a Sunday. She was in Athens General Hospital for three weeks. The family was with her day and night. Phillip made lots of trips to the hospital and would take someone down and bring someone back. She passed away August 14, 1977. In two months, she would have been one hundred and one. We had celebrated her one hundreth birthdax at the nursing home.

We retired in 1973. We made lots of trips on bus tours. We went for a week on a bus tour to Sturbridge, Mass.

Phillip and myself went to Richmond, Virginia for a few days to visit Phillip's sister, Ann and Bill Stephens. They took us to Williamsburg, Va. We went back later to Bill's funeral. We took Mary Hardigree, Ira Lewis Elder, and Fannie Lee. We didn't get to go to Annie's funeral.

We went to Nashville, Tennessee, one trip to Loretta Lynn's home and stopped by to see Jack Daniel's place.

In 1979, we got up a tour to St. Marie, Canada, on a bus. The driver was Carlton Fulcher. We were gone nine days adn had a good trip. We went on a boat to Mackinac Island. We toured the Kelloggs Cereal Company and the Ford Cars in Michigan.

We went to Florida in the 1970's. Myron Woodall and Nettie Mae went with us. He drove our car. We went down the east coast to Kennedy Space Center and on to Clearwater, Florida. One night with Joe and Johnnie, Joe took us on a tour through the sugar mill where he had retired. He passed away in March, 1988. We didn't get to his funeral.

I was in the Loyal Daughters Sunday School Class at the First Christian Church for years. Bessie Hill was our teacher for several years. When she passed away, Johnnie Caldwell was our teacher for several years. I went to the Loyal Women. They all left. I went back to the Loyal Daughters. Bob Adamson is our teacher now.

Don Manning and Sue came to our church when we were in the old church. They have been with us several years. They are two wonerful people. We love them. They have been good to us.

In June, 1985, Phillip had a colostomy surgery. Don Manning was with us. Phillip was in the hospital for three weeks.

In January, 1985, we sold our trailers. We had a town and country home built on the lots with our garden. The first of April we moved in. We did not tell Frances or our grandchildren. It was a surprise to them.

In October, 1985, Phillip had to go to the hospital for a prostate gland surgery. I was with him for three weeks. He was in Northeast Georgia Hospital. They were good to him. One night, a nurse came in his room and was listening to his heart. She heard music. She went and got another nurse and she heard it too. The next day, they told the doctor. He didn't say anything. They did not know what it was.

I am going back to 1981. We had our 50th Anniversary. Frances gave it to us in the parlor and fellowship hall at the First Christian Church. Our grandchildren and nieces helped. Lots of people came. It was beautiful. Betty Joe Beckman, now Thompson, did it. She did everything well. We had a beautiful cake and had lots of pictures made. We had lots of gifts and money given to us. We had a good day.

We have been living here on Kimball Street since the 1940's. When we moved here, I think it was 1946, I said I was not moving anymore. I am glad we didn't. I don't like to move.

If you have a daughter and if she gets married and her husband leaves her and the children, I hope you will think of me. You will know what I have gone through with my daughter.

Our grandchildren are Joy and Bob Butler, Jan and Stan Witherington, and Stephen Shumake.

Our great grandchildren are Daniel Phillip Butler, Marie Elizabeth Butler, Sara Frances Witherington.

We are all together on birthdays and holidays. I made many pictures of the grandchildren when they were little. Now Frances is making moving pictures of the children. We look at them on television. All of them are going to church.

I hope Frances, the grandchildren and great grandchildren will write a history of their lives. I wish I had one of my parents and grandparents. I hope my children will live to help other people and help each other. I hope the Good Lord will bless them like he has blessed Phillip and myself. We love our family.

Zelma Frances Elder

CENTRAL SCHOOL 192?

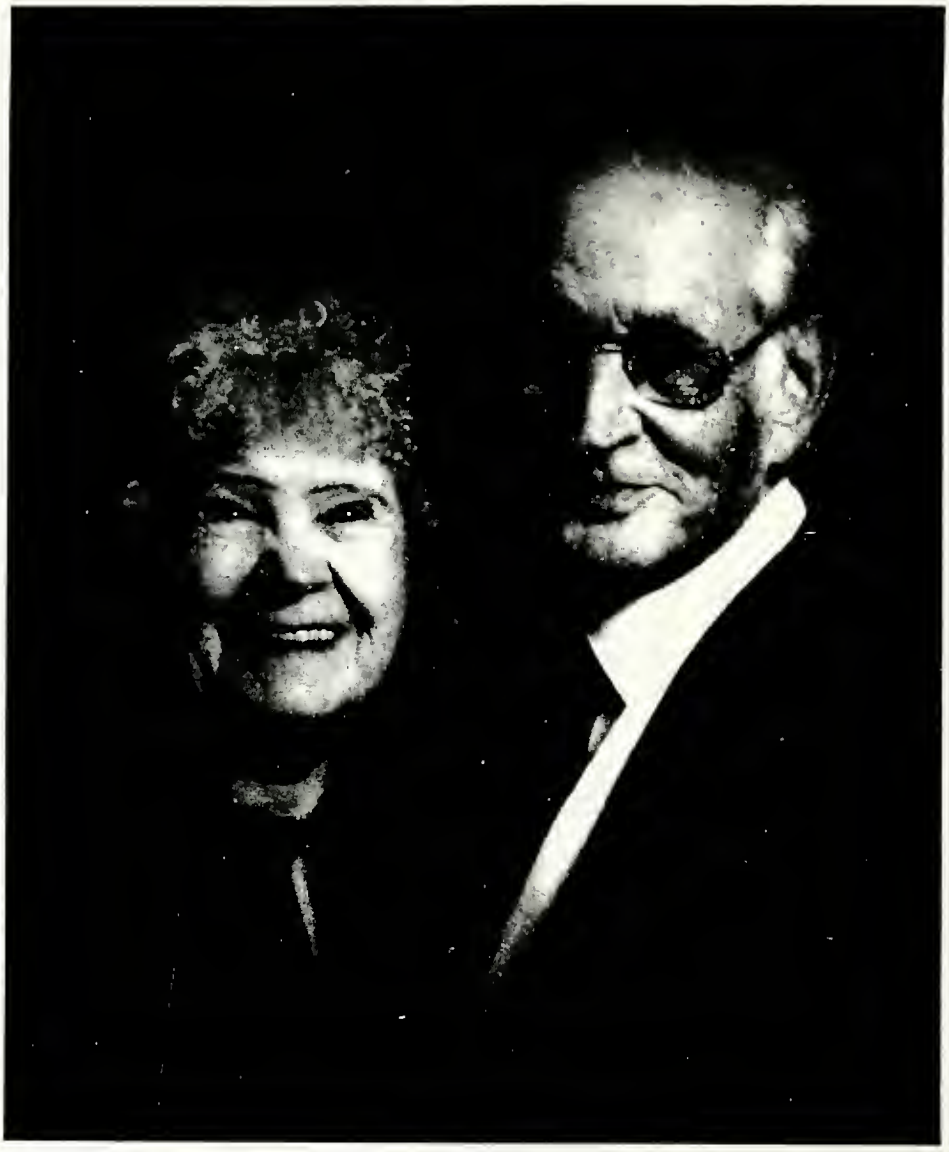
1st Row - Left to Right - Hubert Flanigan - Ernest Elder - Davis Elder - Louise Smith - Avis Smith - Hazel House - Clifford Flanigan - John Durwood - Wallace Byrd Elder.

2nd Row - Left to Right - Miss Lizzie Sheed (Teacher) - Hoke House - Lucile Casey - Gladys Flanigan M.C. Deaton - Delmar Smith - Cleveland Segars - Robert O'Kelldy - Dana Harris - Doyal Smith - J.M. Deaton - Grace House - Johnnie Hardigree - Ruth Hardigree - Mary O'Kelley - Lucy O'Kelley.

3rd Row - Left to Right - E.C. Cheatham - Jay Hardigree - Joseph Elder - Mary Dell Steed - Ruth Elder - Theo Reynolds - Mattie Deaton - Kiatheelene Casey - Ruth Wayne - Montine Steed - Adelle Wall - Corrine Austin - Johnnie Segars - Lou Segars.

4th Row - Left to Right - Bill Casper - Runette Morrow - Annie Elder - Jim Harris - Rose Mae Deaton - Leroy Morrow - John T. Wayne - Grover Smith - Paris Smith - Ralph Morrow - Ross Hardigree - Sadie Hill.

5th Row - Left to Right - Illa Mae Reynolds - Charles House - Ira Lewis Elder - Joe Allen Dunahoo - Lois Casper - Mark Dunahoo - Bulah Harris - Hoyt Cooper - Phillip Elder - Lamar Giles - Mary Lou Wayne - Lois Couch - Mabel Herrin (Teacher ).



*Phillip and Zelma Elder*

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